The
COMMONWEAL
A Weekly Review of Literature the Arts and Public Affairs
FOUNDED BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

Editors:
PHILIP BURNHAM EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.
HARRY LORIN BINSSE, *Managing Editor*
MICHAEL WILLIAMS, *Special Editor*
JOHN BRUBAKER, *Advertising Manager*

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Week by Week

IT IS generally conceded on the basis of various straw votes, the reports of district leaders, extreme party boasts and other indications that the 1938 elections will not materially alter the dominance of the Democrats in Congress or at the various state capitols. But the outcome of several local contests is awaited with more than passing interest by those who are on the scent for 1940 symptoms. The Republicans, for instance, although extremely modest in their claims the country over, have their eyes on their candidates of a youngish, more progressive cast in New York, Ohio, California and Massachusetts, any one of which might produce the G.O.P. white hope for 1940. They are watching closely for evidences of agrarian dissatisfaction with the current results of AAA policies. Ohio and Michigan contests are expected to register something of the public's verdict on the New Deal's labor relations policies. As usual in off-year elections local issues and local personalities have the spotlight. But this election is remarkable in that citizens in one-half the states will be asked to vote on general governmental matters directly—questions of taxes and pensions, labor rights and social welfare programs. So the education and the heightening of social consciousness and the fondness for catch phrases inaugurated by the New Deal goes on apace.

The Nation at the Polls

THE COOPERATION of business and government during the past few weeks has been startling. The normal tendency would be to look for a joker up one or another sleeve, but all except the most excessive distrusters of government or business have been at least temporarily restraining themselves, expecting with substantial optimism an increase in prosperity. The SEC and the New York Stock Exchange have been justly headlined. The fifteen-point program published by the Exchange for its own reorganization, evolved in close collaboration with the SEC, indicates that the current administration of the Stock Exchange is willing to increase the speed of evolution to a velocity which a pre-depression Wall Street would—and still does—consider revolutionary. If the tendency continues, Wall Street may become increasingly a safe place to market and exchange ownership and loans and decreasingly a place to make money through the complicated historic and dangerous processes of exchanging which, as a "private club," it fostered in the past. If some SEC tendencies continue, Wall Street may also become less important even as a pure exchange market. Addressing the investment bankers, W. O. Douglas, head of the SEC, indicated he still hopes for some form of regional autonomy in the organization of over-the-counter brokers and dealers. The convenience, or even necessity, of a central security exchange and ease of falling into centralized organization and control, ought not force the whole country any further into the position of a great colony of New York. Local financial independence must be sought as a first step to more personal economic liberty.

Business and Government

Daladier's Pack of Cards

THE COMPLEXITIES of French politics are, at their most peaceful, difficult for any outlander to grasp; in a period of genuine crisis, they become chestnut burrs requiring the sharpest of instruments if one is to get at the kernel within. We do not profess that we have the necessary sharp instrument at our disposal, but general lines of policy seem to be emerging, and some attempt must be made at their analysis. Munich meant the ignominious defeat

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of France's whole post-war policy of "defensive alliances." Something had to be done. There were, and are — among them Foreign Minister George Bonnet—those who greatly admire Hitler and would like to see, at a minimum, a non-aggression treaty between France and Germany; at a maximum, the giving to Germany of a free hand in the east in return for a guarantee of stable borders in the west. Internally such a policy would call for electoral reform and the exclusion from all vestige of power of the more leftist elements, particularly the Communists. Then there are the leaders of labor who would retain the recent social legislation relating to working hours and the interests of labor and avoid in every way any move toward statism. There are the veterans, the Cagoulards, the backers of Doriot, who condemn all existing political parties and want a remade nation with a strong man at its head. Meanwhile M. Daladier proposes strengthening his country economically by the old-fashioned method—something like what we have come to know in this country as the "cooperation" of government and business—and a good deal more governmental control of foreign trade. He pleads as an excuse for this his desire to preserve a democratic cadre at the sacrifice, which he hopes will be temporary, of many democratic details. The immediate question is what sort of a Cabinet he can succeed in forming out of the diversity of French parties, no one of which is strong enough to form a Cabinet of its own. And the question further resolves itself into what kind of an alliance he can patch together. It cannot include the Communists. Will the Socialists participate in view of this exclusion? Can they agree to stomach the policy of an increased military establishment and the abandonment of the new social laws? Or will the new Cabinet lean toward admitted reaction, even toward Fascism?

Reshuffling the Colonies

ON ONE score, at least, French opinion seems to be settled: that France's principal hope for the future lies in her colonies, and that those which were formerly German shall not be given back to the Reich. Yet every indication points to Hitler's demanding the restoration of all Germany's pre-war possessions. General Franz Ritter von Epp, Deputy for Colonial Matters, has stated this categorically: "Our claim is to all our former colonies." British official policy seems inclined to accede, in so far as it is able, to this claim. Yet a Gallup poll recently completed in England not only shows overwhelming public objection to such a colonial restoration but even indicates that the great majority of Englishmen would be willing to fight to retain the former German colonies. It has been rumored that Mr. Chamberlain is contemplating a settlement of the issue which would transfer to Germany not only some of her former African possessions but some of those which have for centuries been Portuguese into the bargain. There is no use, in a world utterly dedicated to power politics, of discussing the moral aspects of the question. Certainly none of the statesmen involved will bother with them. But it is a question whether the acquisition of an African empire by Germany affects our own interests, in so far as they are involved in South America. Already the mere rumor of the possibility has given opportunity to the proponents of increased American armaments to talk about the "necessity" of a powerful Atlantic fleet—all of which implies an achieved colonial status for South America. And one cannot help wondering why Germany wants her African colonies back anyhow. They do not produce the raw materials she needs; they have always cost their possessors more than they have brought in; their populations are such that they offer no great export markets. As bases they might be useful in war. And there is always that little matter of national prestige and of glory.

Open Door Slammed Shut

THE UNITED STATES, for her part, is losing a genuinely valuable foreign market through the Japanese conquest of China. After forty years of keeping the door of trading opportunity open despite repeated attempts at exclusion by the Japanese, American business men find the door apparently barred and bolted for good. And there is nothing to be done about it. Happily public opinion would not support an American protest involving force of arms. Nor would an economic quarantine of Japan be likely to pry the door open. So the State Department's persuasive note, released to the American public three weeks after Ambassador Grew had delivered it to Tokyo, merely puts on record that we deplore the fate of American traders in the Far East and the contrast between American and Japanese policies of international trade. The Japanese state other powers should recognize new conditions in the Far East. The slamming of the door in China and Central Europe raises the question whether healthful international trade can be built up elsewhere.

SECRETARY HULL still maintains that it can. In a speech characterized by the same inner logic that marked the recent note to Japan he again brings forward international trade as the primary means of producing the security and stability needed for the preservation of international peace. It would be difficult to describe the results of the opposite policy more aptly than he does when he says that autarchy and dependence on armed force impose "an ever more complete regimentation of national life, an impairment of personal liberty, a

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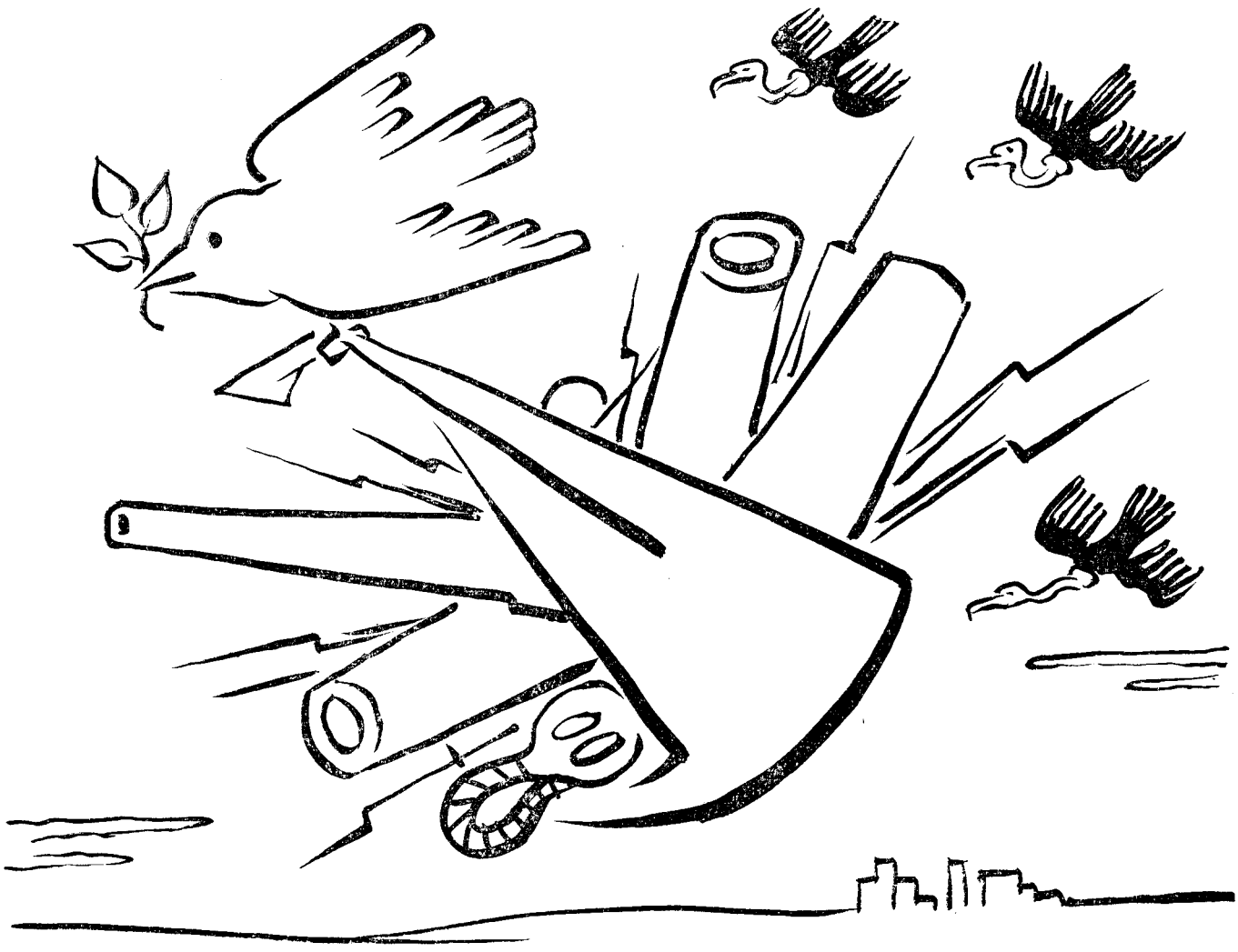

American Armed Peace and Fellow Travelers

lowering of every standard of material, cultural and spiritual existence." The administration might well ponder these words before launching so blithely an armament program of staggering proportions, the program which everyone in Washington discusses so glowingly these days. A genuinely reciprocal trade agreement policy may still be developed in line with the Secretary's hopes to confound the latest imperialistic powers. But if so, the Open Door policy in Latin America and elsewhere must no longer have the limited connotation of a golden opportunity for reaping excessive profits overseas.

Education: Opportunity and Fact

AMERICAN EDUCATION WEEK, November 6-12, is a more serious enterprise in propaganda than most days and weeks set aside in this country by special titles. It corresponds this year with a period of particularly intensive work in Catholic education. There seems now to be little doubt that one side of Catholic education in America is fast approaching maturity. That is, the opportunity for instruction offered by the Church and under the auspices of the Church is rounded out remarkably. The most important immediate development will have to be a fuller grasp of "the sciences of civics, sociology and economics," as expressly sought by the Pope, and reports from all sections indicate the Church is going at that with a will. It is notable this fall that many Catholic "extension" efforts are coming of age. The radio is, in spite of obstacles, being used in a better planned way, as reflected particularly in the Catholic Hour. The Catholic Library Association is working more intensively with its regional conferences and professional instruction and is receiving notable help from colleges, such as St. John's University in Brooklyn.

THE STUDY CLUB movement is advancing strongly, as is witnessed first by the success of the Catechetical Congresses (the bishops now urging provincial congresses), and the increasing range of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, and also by the success of the N.C.W.C. in preparing

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study club courses, the main one this year dealing with Christian Democracy and Christian Citizenship. The Catholic Thought Association is now well established, conducting lecture courses at a very high level in ten or twelve cities, and now beginning to result in the publication of books—this year Father Farrell's "Companion to the Summa." Last week THE COMMONWEAL noted other achievements. The educational opportunity for Catholics has laboriously been constructed; but that is only one part of solving the perpetual educational problem. Teachers and students have to seize the opportunity and integrate education into their personalities and their activities. Education as learning or philosophic formulas, however accurate, worn simply as a cloak, is just no good. Education is not reciting by rote what somebody else thinks about something. Effective education must be the formation of active thinking and a creative way of thinking, and a personal application of learning to circumstances. American Catholic education is better equipped now to work on this perpetual problem than ever before. The effort to develop out-of-school education along with the formal schools shows the effort to connect learning with living is certainly being made in one particularly important way.

Above 150

A GOOD deal of attention has been attracted by the publication in the press of excerpts from a work on the mentality of schoolchildren by Dr. Leta Hollingworth, an authority on experimental education among both subnormal and supernormal groups. Dr. Hollingworth has been so impressed by the difficulties of adjustment usually besetting very precocious children that she seems to regard their gifts as a definite liability. An IQ of not more than 150 is what she posits for the intellectual child who is to be at home in his environment and happy in his life. 150 is itself a high figure. But the point is, of course, that there are higher; and although it would be unfair to suggest that Dr. Hollingworth would like to prevent the birth of the genius or near-genius in the brackets above 150, still her words at their very least do define a failure of modern education. It is true that the genius or near-genius has seldom been perfectly adjusted in any age; he has made his high contribution to civilization in spite of this fact. But probably in no other age has he been so driven in upon himself, so unhelped by environment, as today, for never have the agencies that balance the mere, devouring intelligence—the moral fusion with one's kind, or the spiritual teaching which gives a sense of true proportion—been so lacking from the general educational content. It is imperative that the mind which is really a power be properly controlled, if it is not to prey upon itself or others. It is imperative that such a mind learn charity and fruitful humility. It is imperative that it be guided by grace. Otherwise the very educational devices designed to aid it tend to enhance that inhuman loneliness and sterile arrogance which are the worst blight upon great natural gifts.

Government Health Plan

THE GOVERNMENT'S health plan has just received a new and powerful impetus from the endorsement of the American Public Health Association, representing experts in this field throughout the country. Following this, conferences have already begun in Washington between members of the Interdepartmental Committee, which fathered the plan, and the country's various medical and consumer groups which will be affected by it. In all likelihood this represents the final stage before whipping the plan into shape to go before Congress as proposed legislation. Our reasons for feeling grave doubt about the wisdom and rightness of this measure are not primarily concerned with its objectives; many of them are necessary, many others (not all) are admirable. Our reasons are concerned with the history of the plan, with the unconsidered speed with which it is being rushed through in a country where the technique of such things is still to be learned, with the concentration of power it implies, with its cost and with the means which presumably must be adopted to meet that cost. We believe that many sound arguments against one or another of these features will never be adequately discussed.

THIS, of course, is not wholly the fault of the sponsors of the plan; it is also the fault of the organized opposition to it, represented by the American Medical Association. As the conservator of the standards of private practice, the association has served the country well; but its refusal to acknowledge the real extent of the problem of medical costs among private patients, its steadfast antagonism to moderate and voluntary experimental devices, such as group and cooperative practice, for solving that problem, have most unhappily taken away the force of its leadership in this present crisis. Long-continued inflexibility has kept private organized medicine from counting as it ought at this juncture. This may mean that objectives unapproachable by gradual, directed, local effort, with some government aid, will be approached on a vast, untried front, by central control; that the fantastic figure of $850,000,000 yearly will be added to national and local budgets; that some form of compulsory insurance will be adopted; that much of the vital control of medical practice will be lost; and that a situation in which political manipulation is fatal will be exposed to the grave danger of such manipulation.

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War and You and I

By DONALD ATTWATER

TODAY war, and even preparations for possible war, present problems to the individual with an insistence unknown in the past. Since 1914 there has been an ever-widening flood of questioning whether the rational man, *a fortiori* the Christian man, can take part in the thing called modern war without betraying himself and his faith: whether, in fact, war has not become something in essence different (and not different for the better!) from what it was in the past.

Most people admit the horrible evils, moral and physical, that accompany war: most people admit that the necessary virtue of patriotism involves personal obligations and sacrifices. But now many are beset with grave doubts; some of us had rudimentary doubts even in 1914-1918. I, for example, defended my home and country by blowing to pieces, by the instrumentality of a 6-inch howitzer, mark vii, half-starved Anatolian conscripts in those very fields

> "over whose acres walked those blessed feet
> which nineteen hundred years ago were nail'd
> for our advantage to the bitter cross."

Of course, I took considerable risks myself in so doing, but even so the "robust morality" and "self-sacrifice" of the whole business escaped me.

War can no longer be waged unless the effective whole of each people concerned is deliberately poisoned with hatred, with hatred and fear, of the enemy. Even if your cause be really good you must still hate and fear—otherwise you will be unable to bring yourself to do the things that are necessary for victory. Hatred and fear—moral evils of the very worst. It is a disturbing thought.

If a young girl whose lively youth has led her astray, or a mother who is already keeping six children on a few dollars a week, deliberately kills the embryonic life in her womb we say she sins mortally; but we excuse the slaughter of tens of thousands of soldiers and civilians in war, because the soldiers are "guilty" (how? and of what?) and the killing of civilians is "accidental" (the moral principle of "double effect").

But the former British Prime Minister Earl Baldwin, who is no pacifist or Little Englander or other fanatic, has declared:

> The only defense is offense, which means that you have to kill women and children more quickly than the enemy if you want to save yourselves.

And we all know that is true. The killing of the innocent in modern war is not accidental; it is deliberate, *directa intentione:* murder. It is a disturbing thought.

Pope Pius XI has said:

> There are limits to the right of national self-defense, and they cannot be exceeded without sin.

Earl Baldwin (no fanatic: "honest Stan," fond of pigs and a pipe) has also said:

> There is no one in Europe today . . . who does not know what war in the long run means. It means all over Europe the degradation of the life of the people . . . it means in the end anarchy and a world revolution, and we all know it.

And we all know it. Surely it is not at all patriotic to take part in war that degrades the life of one's people and leads to anarchy and revolution. It is a disturbing thought.

The Archbishop of Cincinnati, Ohio, has said:

> Communists and many radicals would welcome war as a means of overthrowing the present order of society. There are politicians . . . who think of another war as a means of advancing their country and the present capitalistic system. Such men do not deserve the name of patriots. They are blind, and they work not for the preservation but the destruction of their country. . . . The objectives of war are never attained.

And there are other considerations, equally disturbing. It looks as if modern war, in the full sense of that expression, is in itself irrational, unlawful, sinful.

The increasing number of canonists and moral theologians who are studying the matter find themselves tending to this same conclusion. Their views have been made available notably by Dr. John K. Ryan ("Modern War and Basic Ethics") in America, Father Gerald Vann in England, Father Francis Stratmann ("The Church and War") and the author of "Peace and the Clergy" in Germany. They are not, of course, teaching the doctrine of the Society of Friends that all war in the abstract, past, present and future, is immoral (though "Quakerism" has always been found among Catholic Christians from the earliest days down to our own: it is an exaggeration of one of the finest and most characteristic elements in Christ's teaching—"turning the other cheek," meekness, overcoming evil by good). No, these Catholic priests are simply saying that war as we know it today, "modern war," is of its nature immoral, against man's reason, contrary to God's goodness.

If they are right, or if we are sincerely convinced in our own consciences of the rightness of such conclusions, then, whether Christians or not, we are bound to refuse to have anything to do with modern war, the same as with any other

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deadly evil, sin. In other words, we are committed to "conscientious objection." It is a disturbing thought.

The Archbishop of Cincinnati has said:

> Will Christians in our country form a mighty league of conscientious non-combatants? The organization of such a league deserves the serious consideration of all informed Christians who have the best interests of America at heart.

Those who look to the See of Peter for ultimate moral guidance (and they are not Roman Catholics only) may well ask: "Why, if these things be so, has the Pope not said so?" (As in the Great War there was no small stir among the soldiers as to what had become of Peter, till Benedict XV spoke with a mighty voice in 1917—and then the governments ignored that voice.) Well, Pope Pius XI has said (*inter alia*) that "any nation so mad as to contemplate war would be guilty of monstrous murder and almost certainly of suicide." And if you want something more specific, I would remind you that times have changed. Cardinal Innitzer is not Saint Thomas Becket because the twentieth century is not the twelfth; Pius XI speaks and acts in a different way from Saint Gregory VII and Alexander III and Innocent III and Boniface VIII because 1938 is not anything like the Middle Ages. The conditions of the world require that the Holy See should for the most part confine itself to the enunciation of moral principles and leave us, us, to apply them to concrete cases.

WE ARE prone to shirk the job when the conclusions are likely to be unpleasant: to talk about patriotism and "king and country" and culture and crusades instead of getting down to brass tacks and rigorously applying the moral principles we have received to the implications of these high-sounding phrases.

For example, it is grand and noble to die for one's country, i. e., one's people. But when we are called on to be willing to do that, are we not now really being called on to be willing to murder for our country, spiritually and physically, to cooperate in the dissemination of hatred and fear and in the taking of innocent life? And if so, what then?

Many Christians, Catholic and other (e. g., the Pax groups in England and U. S. A.), are now convinced that, as human beings and as Christians, they must avoid all active cooperation with war: not because fighting is wrong in itself (it isn't), not because they are frightened (some of us are, terribly) or because they "dislike" being mutilated or foully killed (as everybody does), not only because modern war is what it almost certainly is, wrong in itself: but because they refuse to bring down hideous evils, moral, spiritual and physical (they are closely connected), on their own people and on those of another nation for any reason whatsoever; because in the world of today every peaceable person who refuses to join in war is in himself valuable for that reason; and because that which Christians want on this earth, the Kingdom of God, cannot be brought nearer by hate, fear and physical violence.

Nineteen hundred years ago, at the turning-point of the world's history, One Man redeemed mankind by refusing to resist an attack on Himself; the time may come, as Father Fessard, S.J., has suggested, when a whole great people will refuse to resist an attack on itself and thus make a world-shaking gesture of cooperation with Christ.

Exercise in Monotony

Since sleep was such a very precious thing,
He closed the chapter in the middle, rose,
And went about the little things to do
Before retiring; seeing that the clock
Reported the right minute to his own,
And the doors and windows had their latches down.
He stood a moment, purely out of habit,
Not thinking and not seeing, twitched the light,
Letting the darkness have what he had left.
The stairs complained beneath him as they had
So many years at such an hour as this.
The lamp woke at his touch. Another clock
Was studied, wound, and set to tell the hour
When nothing new was to begin again
The ageing saga of monotony.
Till then the mind was something still and dark,
And rest, with all the attributes of death,
Awaited and desired. He passed through this
Without the small disturbance of a dream.
And in the morning woke before the clock
That was a function of emergency
And largely unrequired. He knew the time
Would say the proper minutes from the hour
When he descended, but he checked himself
Unconsciously. The paper would be read
A little briefly with his drink and toast.
A glance toward the wall would signify
The rote had been accomplished bite for bite,
Headline for headline as had been intended.
Then he was gone. The watch against his pulse
Went hastily and with a mocking beat.
He took the slight precaution of a glance
To see if time would match the certain place.
The footsteps and the heart-beat and the sun
Were all infallible. The day was cut
In little sections, and the proper minute
Ushered him to the place. The heart went on
And gave no sign of being tired of time.
The sun moved to its days and left its shadow
And came again. The watch against his wrist
Described its circle, and the little beat
Was much like laughter, broken and precise.

WILLIAM M. GALBRAITH.

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The Double-Price System

By GOETZ A. BRIEFS

BY THE highest authority in this country it was stated some years ago that one-third of the population is ill-fed, ill-clothed and ill-housed. There is common agreement that this third is not poor because the country lacks the means to feed and clothe and shelter it decently. On the contrary, the current phrase, "poverty amidst plenty," expresses at least this much, that domestic production is large enough to allow a decent standard of living. There is even an implication in this phrase that the abundance of production is itself the cause of poverty for a definite group among the third in question—and that its lack of purchasing power contributes to the difficulties of the rest of the needy third.

One can approach this problem of poverty amidst plenty by attacking separately the poverty on the one hand, the surplus production on the other. This has been done: relief in the broadest meaning of the word dealt with the problem of poverty; crop control and export subsidies tried to cut down surplus production responsible for oversupply on the markets. The Treasury had to foot a double bill, one for relief expenses, one for the costs of market regulation. This seems a wasteful policy. Consideration of export subsidies suggests that it is poor business to favor the foreign consumer at the cost of the Treasury and to put American export industries indirectly at a disadvantage by decreasing the purchasing power of the foreign agricultural customers of American products. Does it pay to subsidize export of wheat and cotton when at the same time an underprivileged third of the American population is underfed? Economic considerations join hands with the idea that charity begins at home. The linking up of relief with surpluses offered itself as a reasonable way out of a confused situation.

In a recent speech the Secretary of Agriculture proposed to couple surpluses of wheat and cotton with the needs of the underprivileged third of the American population. According to newspaper reports, the Secretary of the Treasury approved this idea. A linking-up between surpluses and relief for the underprivileged third can be devised in various ways, all of which have this in common, that cereals and cotton shall be sold to the underprivileged third at a substantially reduced price —in order to clear the markets of oversupply and help the needy third. The difference between the reduced price and the regular market price can either be covered by direct allowances from the Treasury, or the farmer might get from the regular market such a price increase that by pooling low and high prices he would get a decent return from his products. This latter is not likely to happen; in fact it is not at present being taken into consideration. From the standpoint of the two-thirds of non-privileged consumers, there would not be much difference between either alternative; in the first case he pays the bill indirectly through increased taxes, in the second case he pays directly through the price increase in his purchases of wheat and cotton-goods. What at present is being considered is a double-price floor for wheat and cotton-goods, the difference between the prices to be made up by the Treasury.

WILL such a procedure prove efficient with regard to its primary purpose, namely, an improvement in the wheat and cotton market? The question is identical with this one: will a price reduction of both products incite corresponding increase in consumption? Bread and cotton-goods are among those commodities which the consumer can scarcely go without. It is a safe guess that the family budgets of the poor third also cover their wants in both products up to the saturation point. The price cut would have to be very substantial to encourage a substantial increase in consumption. But let us assume such an increase takes place; then we have to expect an increasing burden on the Treasury and most probably a sharp rise of production. The double-price system can work only if it is coupled with crop control.

The technique of putting such a system into operation is most important for failure or success. There are some experts who doubt that the system can be made to work at all. The fact is that a similar system has been working efficiently for some years in Germany. German regulation of the fat, lard and butter market gives evidence of what can be done. But let us not forget that the administrative arrangement over there is this: a government monopoly controls butter, lard and fat beginning with the producer or importer; a huge bureauracy has been set up for this purpose. All retailers have to submit to strict control. Each one has a definite consumer circle to provide for; each customer has to register at his store. The customer has to get a consumer's card, which entitles him to buy at certain intervals a definitely fixed amount of fats, which means that the strictest rationing of purchases is enforced. This system involves an all-embracing and minute regimentation from the farm to the kitchen, of necessity, under the conditions which this system had to face. It started from a heavy shortage of fats and not

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from an oversupply. Moreover, the German system has this advantage that it is much narrower in application and reckons with a population that is extremely law-abiding and used to regimentation.

The situation is entirely different in this country; therefore the German technique of mastering the problem cannot possibly be copied here. Obviously the administration considers a system which links up crop control with a free, regular consumers' market and a (rationed?) privileged consumers' market. This sounds much simpler than it is. There is first the question as to how to define that part of the population that shall enjoy the benefit of the price cut. Who is to be included in this ill-fed and ill-clothed third? How can definite criteria, not open to fraud and political maneuvering, be established? How can changes in the income situation of the applicants or beneficiaries be dealt with? How can the flood-gates be kept closed against an onrush of claims? Beyond certain limits which are clear enough (destitute families on record with welfare agencies, relief families, depressed localities) everything becomes doubtful: what is to happen with temporarily laid-off workers of normally good income, what with the poor whites and the share-croppers? What should be done with regard to the widely scattered farm-hand families and the 2,000,000 migratory workers? What with large families of industrial workers and even small middle-class families? The under-privileged third is made up of the greatest variety of individual cases. Where to draw the line, and how to reach the needy with the least amount of public expense and regimentation?

I hesitate to question the possibility of a solution, since the fascist administrations prove there is nothing a bureaucracy cannot master and control; but—leaving aside the retailer's and the farmer's and the non-privileged consumer's point of view—are we prepared to pay the price, both as taxpayers and as beneficiaries of the system?

LET US suppose, however, that the system is to be adopted and the bureaucratic administration starts to meet its task. Here rises the question: where shall the privileged buy their products at cut prices? They may buy on the regular market, that is, at chain-stores or groceries as they previously used to do. Or they may buy in government stores, or they may buy in cooperative stores established for the purpose of distributing cut-rate products. Let us assume the privileged consumer buys at the regular store. Then two cases are possible: either the grocer carries a stock of such cut-rate goods and keeps it separate from the rest of his supply—which means that it will be necessary to conduct a customer's register with all its complications—or he sells out of his regular stock and then he has to receive refunds at intervals from the Treasury. The Treasury, of course, has to exercise strictest control over the grocer's accounting, again on the basis of customer's cards and customer's registration. In both cases a nation-wide administration much more involved and difficult than the one set up under the Social Security Act would be necessary, particularly in view of the great mobility of the American people.

All this could be made simpler by handing over the whole business to government stores. This implies large capital investments, much abuse, and certainly a heavy cut in the sales of existing groceries and retail shops. Indeed private groceries would be damaged from both sides; they would have to shoulder their share of the taxes for the price cut, and they would lose in turn-over. Consequently they don't relish this idea.

The cooperative store run by the privileged themselves is possible where sufficiently large groups of them live in the same locality and are both willing and able to run their store. This solution is also greatly to the disadvantage of the grocers, so much the more since it would foster cooperative marketing of other goods as well, and would spread the consumers cooperative movement.

It seems to me that the suggestion of government stores should be dropped, and that this whole question of how to distribute the commodities should be decided after due consideration of local conditions. Eventually stores run by local communities or even welfare agencies might be considered, where local and other circumstances favor them. All these considerations stand under the proviso that the double-price system be acceptable on its own merits. And this is still questionable.

Another very involved problem has to be settled: shall the privileged consumer be permitted to buy any amount of cut-price commodities? In all the cases we know of in the past (mostly European wartime regimentation) the supply was rationed—in fact the rationing of supplies of which there was a scarcity was the reason why such a system was started at all. The American situation, however, is just the opposite; oversupply is the trouble. Consequently it seems only logical that the needy third shall buy to their hearts' desire; any restriction seems unjust to the needy and a check on the eradication of the price-depressing oversupply. It would seem a half-hearted measure, not worth bothering with, a delight only for bureaucrats, a nuisance for everybody else, the needy included.

Let us recall the vital condition of such a double-price system, namely, that the cheaper market does not depress the prices of the regular market, and that as far as prices are concerned both mar-

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kets remain separate. If there is to be any influence of one market on the other, it should only be this, that the supplying of the cheaper market help to reduce the glutting of the regular market and thereby help stabilize prices there. Assuming now that no rationing of the cut-price commodities takes place, the following is bound to occur: the privileged consumer will buy beyond his personal needs and will resell at bargain prices (leaving him a profitable margin) to anybody who might like to benefit from lower prices than prevail on the regular market. The privileged consumer may peddle what he does not need himself and he will encounter no trouble in organizing a "gang" of friends and fellow consumers who will gladly share the "difference." It is evident that the regular market would decline, its prices would crumble under the permanent pressure from the lower market; the actual price control would rest with the cut market. Both markets would converge, at least tendentiously. The Treasury would be plundered for the benefit of consumers at large and the farmers would storm the Houses of Congress for bigger and better farm legislation—again at the cost of the Treasury. And the Treasury would squeeze the taxpayer.

RATIONING therefore seems to be an indispensable provision in any legislative act that intends to benefit the needy third and to support indirectly the farmer against the pressure of overproduction. Even then we have to take into account that a great many privileged consumers will prefer to provide themselves with some cash by reselling at least part of their cut-price portions. Let us not forget that only a very few commodities are to be subject to the double-price system; the cash which their resale yields might come in very handy for the fathers and mothers of families who happen to need anything else in the wide scale of human desires other than flour or cotton-goods. In fact, they are supplied with an easy access to cash in any emergency; small in amount though the cash may be, it is cash and not flour or cotton shirts or handkerchiefs.

Experiences gained from the war economies of European countries prove these considerations. The more liberal the rationing, the fewer the commodities in question and the larger the difference in price between the two markets, the heavier the invasion and the quicker the overthrow of the regular market. Yet to help the farmer-producers implies giving generous rations to the privileged needy; to help the needy implies giving them generous price-cuts, and we know that only a few commodities are considered for the double-price system. The classical conditions for merging both markets must materialize. Ends and means of the proposed double-price system seem to be irreconcilably opposed.

The conclusions to be drawn are clear. They are not favorable to a double-price system. As a part of the regular welfare policy for assisting certain needy groups and the institutions caring for them, it may be a working proposition, provided that it is coupled with rationing and control. Of course, in these narrow confines, it cannot stave off agricultural overproduction, neither can it stabilize the commodity markets. Indeed, convincing as the idea of linking oversupply with undernourishment may be, a double-price system is ill-advised, for more than one reason.

Protest

"Enough!" I cried, "enough,
O God! Now my assaulted spirit fails:
Too great my load, my way too dark and rough,
My foes too mighty—and my courage quails!"

Then He in irony:
"Yet many better men have borne before,
With less complaint than what I hear from thee
All that I ask that thou shouldst bear—and more."

"But sinners prosper, Lord;
They live unmindful of Thee, and yet die
Shriven like saints, whom dogs would have abhorred—
There is no justice underneath the sky.

"Foully they break Thy laws,
In ways that I—though sealed to hell—would shun.
Yet Thou dost sore afflict me without cause,
And make me pay for what I have not done."

Then in a voice more mild:
"Art thou then sinless, My so arrogant,
Angry, revengeful, unforgiving child?
Haply thy chastisement was all too scant!

"But as for others: know
Thou canst not read the secrets of their hearts.
Their hunger for Me oft is hid from thee; they show
To heaven not earth their penitential smarts.

"If diverse shape and hue
Marks leaf from leaf, and every blade of grass,
So separate is each soul My breath blows through;
Unique o'er each My subtle hand doth pass.

"Thou, too, in loneliness
Must live and, living, suffer, as I move
On paths more intricate than thou canst guess
To trap thee in the ambush of My love.

"I know thy pain; abide:
They suffer most who most are like the divine.
When thou dost suffer see Me at thy side—
And say if any sorrows be like Mine."

THEODORE MAYNARD.

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British Policy toward Spain

By ROBERT SENCOURT

Mr. Sencourt has written his article after the advantage of long conversation with the highest authorities in the diplomatic and official world. But his conclusions and views are, of course, his own. The paper was written before the Munich crisis and the recent English Parliamentary debates on Mediterranean policy, which fact, however, we do not believe makes it less timely.

THE VIEW that the British Government is seeking to continue the struggle in Spain is not one that commends itself to those that really know the facts, which are far too complicated for it to be so simply stated even if it were true. It cannot be answered till we know what such a phrase as "British Government" means and how this government arrives at its foreign policy.

Who is responsible for the framing of British foreign policy? Is it the initiative of the Foreign Secretary? Is it decided by the Prime Minister? Is it gradually worked out by the permanent officials? Any of these may predominate at any given moment. There are certain principles that remain from age to age, those connected with the balance of power. There are others which are connected with commercial or financial interests which can bring a great deal of pressure to bear on what is called the government. There are other which depend upon reactions in the House of Commons and the electorate; and since we have still a constitutional government, there still remains an opportunity and a need for the Foreign Secretary, working in close relation with the Prime Minister, to add to his own insight, wisdom to particular decisions, and give a lead from hour to hour. Once stated, these facts are undeniable. It is interesting to see how they apply to a question where this country is so divided, and where such far-reaching issues are involved, as the war in Spain.

There is one plain technical issue involved on which the Foreign Office, as an institution, is so clear that no government could ignore it. It is the strategic position of Spain, similar to that of Portugal but more dynamic. Portugal's position on the trade routes was already so important that it signed an alliance with England in 1294. That alliance has never been broken. The discovery of the Cape Route to India by a Portuguese navigator, the development of Portuguese colonies in Southeast Africa, added to its cogency. In the outlook of the Foreign Office, Portuguese friendship is cardinal. But there has long since been Spain also to consider. Spain has never been Britain's ally, but she has twice brought Britain into war: first, into the wars of the Spanish Succession; and secondly, into the campaign of Wellington. In each case the object was the same. It was to keep France out of Spain, not only because she was France, but because she was also the strongest military power on the Continent. What England needed in 1700, what England needed in 1811, what she needed in 1914—and she needs it now—is a neutral Spain. She needs it now more than ever, for two reasons. The first is the growth of air power which extends a country's aggressive range five hundreds miles beyond her frontiers; the second is the fact that Italy is now a strong power in the Mediterranean, and was thrown by the Sanctions policy into the close embrace of Germany.

But if this is obvious in Downing Street, the strategic position of Spain also awakens an even greater interest at the Quai d'Orsay, and the Palazzo Chigi. Without a path through the Mediterranean, Britain, though embarrassed, would survive. But without the Straits of Gibraltar open, Italy, losing four-fifths of her sea-borne trade, would rapidly starve. Likewise, if Spain were hostile, France, encircled by Fascist powers, must come to agreement with them or crash like a walnut in the hinge of a door. The question of what is happening in Spain becomes, therefore, a matter of domestic policy to every political party in Western Europe. It attracts the particular attention of the totalitarian states.

The political future of Europe was at hazard, and has now been decided, with the fortunes of Franco. As soon as he had won the great iron and ore deposits of the Northern coast, they, with the rich copper mines of Tharsis and Rio Tinto, gave him such military resources not only for his own use, but for those countries with whom he traded, that he turned the scales of Europe. With his campaign in the North, he proved the sagacity of Ribbentrop and the short-sightedness of Delbos. From that moment one would have expected the professional diplomat in both France and England to insist on friendship with Franco.

ACTUALLY there was very little change. The reason was that French foreign policy under the Front Populaire had become so heavily involved with the Comintern that she could not break from it. Paris is, today, the western headquarters of the Comintern. As Dr. Borkenau has pointed out, there is in every country a party which calls itself the party of the proletariat, but which in reality takes its lead from Moscow. In

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France, more than in any other country, was this party's influence decisive. Through France, it had also a strong influence on England; and it could never be ignored in the House of Commons, particularly as long as Mr. Eden remained in power. Mr. Eden's alignment became, in the course of months, so obvious that it was taken as an axiom by informed men in every capital of Europe.

If Mr. Eden had thought that with the weight of prestige behind him he could, in the event of his initiative being checked, override the Prime Minister, it would not have been surprising. But, as the event proved, he went, and the Prime Minister remained. It then became clear that the government was determined not to act as, in effect, the ally of Moscow, and, more than ever after the rape of Austria had changed the strategic situation both in Central Europe and in the Mediterranean, it was necessary both for England and for Italy to come to an understanding as soon as possible.

The terms were rapidly arranged, and since Franco had reached the Mediterranean, it looked as though the war would end. If the war had ended, the game of Moscow in Western Europe would have been finished, the Chamberlain government would have triumphed, and England would have worked out with Italy and Spain an understanding that settled both Western Europe and the Mediterranean. It is obviously in order to hinder such a consummation that the Left is still straining every nerve. Every possible assistance must be given to Red Spain. The war must be carried on as long as possible. The longer it continues, the longer both Chamberlain and Mussolini can be embarrassed. Its continuance, therefore, has not only suited the Left, but has also suited Germany. A most complicated situation arose. The British Government did not know which most to fear, Germany, or those forces of the Left which troubled it as a party in the House of Commons, and as Russia disturbed the equilibrium of Europe. It has to keep the wariest eye on both.

At this point the situation was greatly complicated by Mussolini's desire to get out of the war. For he could not leave Franco in the lurch: and he could not bring his troops home when the foreign forces on the Red side were being so rapidly increased. The solution seemed to be ruthlessness from the air. Among many objects bombed were ships flying the British flag.

Now it is true that a number of those ships were neither manned by British sailors nor owned by British capital. Nevertheless, Britain could not disown them, because if Germany was menacing, Britain must have under her flag, and therefore under her control, every ship she could. It was essential to her policy that her flag should be an attraction. Besides that, the information that reached the Foreign Office showed that German penetration in Franco Spain was an important factor in the situation. If the Conservatives did not want Spain under the control of Stalin, neither did they want it involved in the plans of Goering. The Italians need no longer be feared, firstly because they had not dug themselves into Spain, secondly because they were wanted at home, and thirdly because in the final resort the Italians must needs prefer England to Germany. But a German penetration in Spain, welcomed by Falangists and by certain Franco officers, would be extremely disturbing to Paris and London. Totalitarian Germany can push on with advances to Franco in a way which cannot be done by a government which has to face the House of Commons.

SUCH then is the delicate situation of British policy. Strategically it should now be coming to an agreement on the same lines and for the same reasons as the immemorial alliance with Portugal. Spain is even more necessary to it. For with the Balearic Islands athwart the Mediterranean, and Spanish territory on both sides of the Straits of Gibraltar, Spain, if won as certain German strategists hope, for an auxiliary to the axis, could certainly control the Mediterranean, and its multitudinous waters would indeed be the Fascist lake which has figured so largely in the propaganda of those who wished to make it Red. The Germans, therefore, are straining every nerve both to keep Italy in the axis, and to flatter Franco. Can it be denied that the Quai d'Orsay has played into their hands?

There are two ways out of this situation. One is for the French Government to accept the facts of the situation. The other is for British enterprise, whether in the Church, in politics, or in business, to start out to build a British friendship with Franco. The petrol which has been even more advantageous to him than Italian or German airplanes, he owes to credit from America. Let the British show a kindred wisdom. The national policy of a democracy keeps the Foreign Office straitened and constrained from consummating the simple logic of that safety which is one both for England and for Christendom, but private enterprise is free.

There is every reason to think that such a move from private enterprise would be welcome to the Chamberlain government; for if the worst came to the very worst, the British navy would prevent Spanish copper reaching Germany, and American petrol would not be available to Britain's enemy. The confusion in the situation is simply that while the Chamberlain government for every reason seeks conciliation with both Spain and Italy, it is prevented both by the power of the left in France, and the power of the right in Germany. It can neither deal with the one nor down the other.

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Notes on Bio-Dynamic Farming

By HENRY TETLOW

TO ONE raised, like myself, in southeastern Pennsylvania—the finest farming country in the United States—it is interesting, and somehow a little baffling, to discover that what we all, hereabouts, have long since recognized as good farming practise has taken on such a tinge of novelty in other parts of the world as to raise it close to the status of a cult. It seems to me I have always known it is a bad plan to use chemical, to the exclusion of natural, fertilizers too persistently; that such a policy will ultimately render the best soil stale, flat and unprofitable.

My grandfather used to tell me that, as a boy, his father was always urging him to study Liebig. "Thou shouldst read Liebig," he said, was the beginning, middle and end of every discourse on agriculture. The pendulum set in motion by that great chemist just ninety-eight years ago reached the limit of its arc at the point summed up in the German aphorism, "Any soil is good soil that will hold fertilizer"—and has now started to swing the other way. The "bio-dynamic" theory of agriculture, postulated by Rudolf Steiner in June, 1924, may now be reckoned past the laboratory stage.

The bio-dynamists take the position that the soil, far from being a mere inert medium or carrier for inorganic, chemical fertilizers, is much better described as a living organism; or at the least as a medium teeming with myriad bacterial life. They contend, with eminent good sense, that until we know more of the nature of this life, the indiscriminate use of inorganic chemical fertilizers, insecticides, fungicides, weed-killers and so forth must inevitably upset nature's nicely adjusted biological balances.

There is a good deal of common-sense evidence to back them up. Anyone interested in the preservation and propagation of our game birds and animals knows the far-reaching consequences of monkeying with the biological buzz-saw. There was a time when the hawks, for instance, were classed as vermin by the Pennsylvania game laws: their "season" was eternally open and unlimited. Maybe the law still reads that way. But any hunter who has taken the trouble to examine a hawk's crop and gizzard knows that for every young game bird it destroys it takes one or another of the numerous ground vermin that prey equally on the birds. Further, that where hawks are decimated the crows swarm in. Birds are actually the land's first line of defense against warring insects.

Again, even though the very word bacteria is in popular disrepute, yet as long ago as when I first studied "physiology" we were taught that man could not flourish on distilled water, because it contained no living, organic matter. To bring that point right into the bio-dynamic camp: it is not long since an eminent chemist revealed to me that if the introduction of chlorine rendered drinking water "harmless" by killing off the hostile bacterial life in it, by the same token it would kill the benign enzymes in the digestive system—thus accounting for the almost universal prevalence of various digestive ills amongst the unfortunate users of chlorinated water.

The bio-dynamists go far beyond the mere recommending of natural farm manures in the place of chemical fertilizers. In the laboratory they have researched and developed certain organic preparations of herbs—notably camomile, yarrow, dandelion and valerian—the application of which to farm manures hastens and heightens its composting, conserves and hence increases its plant food values. It is a minor criticism of the movement that somewhat of mystery is built up about the composition and manufacture of these "preparations." The contention, I believe, is that the bio-dynamists do not want their preparations to be commercialized; a contention that may turn and rend its proponents, if they don't watch out.

It is the bio-dynamic thesis that the best farm is a "closed farm": one on which enough livestock is maintained to insure an adequate supply of natural fertilizers; yet not so much as to require the use of any boughten feeds. It is argued, with a surprising array of valid evidence from the various experimental farms, that the soil deficiencies created by the indiscriminate use of chemicals are definitely reflected in the deficient nutrient values of feeds and foodstuffs produced by the too enthusiastic apostles of Liebig. Here again common sense is on the side of the bio-dynamists. For your closed farm must of necessity be a diversified farm. And there can be no dispute about the numerous manifest advantages of diversification, including this less obvious one: that small plantings of a wider variety of crops offer one of the best practical defenses against the spread of insect and fungus pests. That, in a word, diversification is in itself vital to a restoration of proper biological balance.

Part of the research to this end has been aimed at the establishment of affinities in plant life. Even those of us ungifted with "green fingers" realize that some plants flourish better in the presence of certain other plants. If I read them aright, the bio-dynamists are fairly on the way to announcing what will be glad news indeed to all us

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part-time farmers: that as the bio-dynamic garden approaches one hundred percent perfection it will become not only increasingly unnecessary but finally and positively wrong to do any weeding. The increasing strength of the closed farm's benign plant life will crowd all the undesirable weeds back into their merited obscurity. Along the same line, insect tastes have been studied. Pfeiffer reports of fruit trees pestered with aphids that he planted nasturtiums about the trees and sprayed them with an extract of nasturtium:

> Such plantings are effective because the nasturtium contains a strong aromatic substance which also penetrates the ground through its roots. This the trees can take up through their roots and bring into their sap stream, making changes in it which are imperceptible to us but very evident to the fine organs of smell and taste possessed by the insects. Result: the aphids disappear ["Bio-dynamic Farming and Gardening," page 113].

Perhaps it was unfair to brand bio-dynamics with the name of cult. For certainly its proponents retain open minds. They are ready to admit the potential virtues of chemical fertilizers. Their contention, if I understand them, is that we have much to learn of the proper use and function of inorganic chemicals in agriculture. At any rate, there is amazing and spectacular evidence for such a contention in the experiment conducted by Stoklasa, which demonstrated conclusively that the mere juxtaposition of "potassium *hung in sealed test tubes over growing plants* [italics mine] alters the rate of growth of the plant"!

Bio-dynamic farming is now, as indicated above, in its fifteenth year. It is being done in almost every country in Europe, in the Americas, and in the Antipodes. "Information centers" have been set up and are multiplying. One of the objections to bio-dynamic farming has been that it is "more trouble" than the old, chemical way. But where it has been subjected to sufficient test on commercial farms it appears that the additional labor charge is more than offset by savings on feeds and fertilizers. My own comment of bio-dynamics is that so much depends on local conditions of climate, soil, insect and fungus life, etc., that the spread of sound bio-dynamic practise is going to be extremely slow: it will practically require research—that is, a prolonged period of trial and error—on each and every farm adopting it. What will work here on the Ordovician shale of Medlock Farm may not be right at all for the red hills of Berks county or the sands of the Eastern Shore. For each favors or discourages, as the case may be, its own combination of plant, insect and fungus life; each boasts its own particular version of the biological balance or lack thereof.

On the other hand, to me one of the surest evidences of the validity of the bio-dynamic theory is that the results it has produced so far, while substantial, are not spectacular. I feel that bio-dynamics, with its consistent production of—shall I say?—"slightly better" results than the old chemical methods over periods of four, six, eight years per case history, offers more of reassurance and hope to beset agriculture than, for example, the gaudy journalistic triumphs of those who would tell us how to grow our "spoon vittles" in tanks of chemical solutions—the purveyors of the new "science" of hydroponics. I find it hard to believe that any vegetable so grown can offer me much of the real stuff of life. But I had better stop here. Like some of the bio-dynamists themselves I seem in imminent danger of leaving the good earth for the "glad, free realms" of the metaphysical.

Colden—Alt. 4,712

By VINCENT ENGELS

McINTYRE confronts it across the deep and narrow valley in which lie the three little lakes, Avalanche, Colden, Flowed Land, and the little pond, Calamity. I had seen it from the top of McIntyre, and even so close at hand, across the gulf in which the white birds maneuver far below, it presents the clearness and sharpness of outline which distinguish it from a distance, and for which it can thank the great earthquake and landslide of a few centuries ago. This sheared it down, clearing it of humps and terraces, so that on the western side it is one sweep of naked rock, from top to bottom, at an angle which seems to fall back only about twenty degrees from the perpendicular, and which probably inclines no more than thirty, at that.

A sign on the nearest highway, fifteen or twenty miles away, points to it, and announces its altitude as 4,712 feet. Other mountains are about it—Santanoni, and Marcy's pointed top—but it seems to lift itself apart from them, a shark-grey flying summit, shaped like the jibsail of a ship, with the top squared off.

I had seen it from Calamity Pond meadow, with sunlight flooding the pink and grey granite of its western wall. And I had seen it at night, more than once, from the little foot bridge where Flowed Land sluices into Calamity Brook. After stumbling through the spruces for half an hour, in darkness so thick that the man behind could not see the man ahead even when he bumped into him, Ed and I would sit resting on the bridge

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before going on, and look up at the mountain, softly lustrous in a night full of stars.

Then one morning I woke up in a lean-to on the Flowed Land. There was the mountain, as usual, and I thought that I had better climb it, while there was yet time.

It was a bright morning, blue and cool. I sat on a log by the fire, and in view of the job ahead of me, I ate a pound of beans. I had not eaten a pound of beans for breakfast since I was seventeen. But this morning I felt the old bean hunger, and when bacon, eggs, orange juice, blueberries and the salmon-fleshed trout of Flowed Land had failed to remove it, I ate a one-pound can of beans. Then I cut a staff of tamarack, which is a light wood, but tough enough when it has not been weathering too long, and I shook hands with my friends as though we were parting for a long time.

The first part of the trail follows the Opalescent, and you can walk it in five minutes. But this morning I seemed unable to move except with great deliberation. My muscles were tight and cramped from fourteen hours in a boat the day before; I was still a little sleepy; I was too full of beans. All this operated together with some hidden but dominating instinct to keep me at a very indifferent pace. I began to think of the Traveler, since I felt exactly like him.

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow—"

Dr. Johnson reported that he once heard a gentleman ask Goldsmith what he meant by "slow." Did he mean "tardiness of locomotion"? Goldsmith said "Yes," that was it, and Johnson promptly disagreed. "No sir," he said, "you do not mean tardiness of locomotion; you mean that sluggishness of mind which comes upon a man in solitude."

That interpretation had always seemed eminently correct to me, but now I had a sudden conviction, of the kind that cannot be disputed because it comes from experience, that Goldsmith knew what he meant, and that he certainly meant tardiness of locomotion, as emphatically as he meant the sluggishness of the spirit.

The Opalescent above the Flowed Land is a fine swirling brook, twenty to forty feet wide, ten feet deep near the lake, ten inches deep a quarter-mile above it, very clear and very cold. Where Lake Colden trickles into it over a shallow dam, it bends away at a right angle, and here I had to ford it, for my trail now went up along the shore of Lake Colden. The trail became rougher now, up and down over the rock ledges. One rock stands up twenty feet above the water; there I sat down, and rested. Across the lake Clint West was carrying wood to his cabin; soon the smoke began to rise from his chimney against the dark green wall that goes piling up toward the bare, lofty and sufficiently Olympian crown of McIntyre.

I had been up there once, on a day when I was fit and hungry, and I would get up Colden, too, before the day was done. Meanwhile there was no cause to hurry.

At a point directly opposite the ranger's cabin, the trail turns from the lake, and climbs up through a stand of mixed hardwood and cedar, including some of the grandest white cedars left in the Adirondack forest, toward the outline ridges at the side of the mountain. It is possible to go up the rock face, taking to the trees only here and there; but it is better to make this flanking movement along the trail. Roundabout as it is, you will yet mount 1,900 feet in a mile and nine-tenths, which is enough for a trout fisherman and ordinary citizen.

At the left of the trail is a deep ravine, bedded with moss-covered hunks of rock, among which the outflow of a spring falls in a continuous twisting line of white water.

A wind came curling in from the direction of Avalanche Pass. I forgot all about the Traveler, and went up at a good pace for twenty minutes, still following along the top of the ravine, until it shallowed out and ended in a damp wall of rock. I had a drink here from the top source of the spring, crossed along the rock, and went on up. The grade became stiffer, and very shortly I observed that the hardwoods had about disappeared; a hundred feet above that, the evergreens grew densely together, and began to dwindle in height. Where the trees were no higher than my head, I came upon a pile of immense square-cut rocks, which have fallen together so as to form a covered alleyway, through which the trail goes.

I emerged from the rocks on a back ridge of the mountain. Now the flanking movement was completed, and there was no more easy going. I went up and over a wall on a ladder that Clint West built one day, not so much for the convenience of Travelers as for his own. This brought me into a sloping field of laurel, a couple of acres of it, and all in bloom. It was a dwarf growth, about eighteen inches high, but the flowers were large and massed very densely together like the flowers in a garden. What made it astonishing was that this was August 1, and the laurel of the valleys had bloomed in May.

Above the laurel is a hill of rock, and above that is the level and narrow summit. I went toward it, feeling the elation which comes to everyone on mountain tops, and nowhere else that this observer has been able to discover, and it comes I suppose from the release of your eyes to great distances, from your immersion in air and light, and also no doubt from some sense of triumph, at having climbed all this way to where you can climb no more; at having for once gotten somewhere, in fact to the very top.

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I sat there looking down on the lakes, tracing the shoals in Colden by the patches of light colored water. Flowed Land was shaped like a turtle with its neck stuck out; I thought that if the guides who named it had seen it first from here they would certainly have called it Turtle Pond. Clint West wants to rename it even now; his choice is Lake Opalescent, after the brook. But Flowed Land, or Lands (it is written both ways), is a magnificent name, and anything else would be inferior.

I put this into my pipe, together with some tobacco, and smoked it. Above and beyond the lakes were all the familiar mountains looking unfamiliar: McIntyre, and Santanoni, that looks from here like the broken edge of a saw, from the slopes of Mt. Seward like a panther, and like a ruined fortress from the Newcombe side; Adams, and all the others, little and big, piling up in long ridges one behind the other to the horizon, like the waves of the sea, and every ninth wave a great one. The language of geology being what it is, mountains can only be described in the language of the sea.

I had been looking toward the west. Over the northern shoulder of McIntyre is a deep valley, with square fields, of green and yellow, laid down amid the forest. Now the shadows of clouds began to move with stately precision across that country, all the way to a sizable lake, with a spire or two standing up beside it, which I could not identify, and which I thought must be Placid, since it could hardly be anything else.

The wind changed; the clouds came drifting down the steep sides of McIntyre, and catching some updraft of air from the lakes, rose a little, and sailed off down the gorge of the lower Opalescent, toward Sanford and the Hudson.

Suddenly I turned, for something had caught the eye. There to the east stood a pleasant looking summit with rock encrusted slopes, and for a moment, because it was so near and plain, I did not know it. It was Lot 49, Township 45, of the Totten and Crossfield Purchase. It was the peak of Marcy. This noble mountain was known as Tahawus, or the Thunderer, until the spread of maps and of learning gradually accustomed the populace to the name which had been officially conferred upon it in 1837, in honor of William Learned Marcy, then serving his third consecutive term as governor. I prefer to think of it as Lot 49.

Now that I saw it so close, I resolved to climb it, some other morning when the sky was blue and bright. Then I knocked my pipe on the topmost rock of Colden, and went down, and whenever I have seen it since from the highway fifteen miles away, rearing up there shark-grey and like the broken fang of a shark, or like the sail of a ship in the fog, or the blade of a tomahawk, I have said to my wife and my sons, "I was up there once, believe it or not. I hardly believe it myself."

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

WHEN fire broke out in a cargo compartment of an Atlantic liner, the Deutschland, a few days ago, off the rockbound coast of Newfoundland, in the midst of stormy weather, and threatened, for a time, to destroy the ship and cast its hundreds of passengers and the members of the crew adrift in boats and on rafts, facing conditions that would have meant death for many of them, the radio brought other ships racing toward the Deutschland, to aid it in its fight, or to succor the human lives endangered. Fortunately, the Deutschland's own crew, after a hard struggle, mastered the flames; the rescuing ships were informed of the fact by radio, and millions of people who had learned of the happening by radio, even while it was proceeding, thanked God, or human science, according to whatever type of philosophy they professed, for the great blessing which the radio once more, as so often, had proved to be. Even greater proof of the beneficent uses of this greatest marvel of our marvellous age was provided not long ago, on the occasion of the hurricane in New England, and, of course, on a still more extensive scale, and for a much longer period, last year, when the Mississippi Valley was flooded. Humanity's debt of gratitude to those who discovered and developed, and who now employ this most effective of all the means of inter-communication in such services of mutual aid, and mercy, and courage, and hope, and faith, and charity, is already enormous; is altogether indisputable; and must grow ever greater as time goes on.

Nevertheless, the reverse aspect of radio's power, when it is misused or perverted, for evil purposes, by evil men, or men merely reckless of or indifferent to moral standards of truth and decency, is as appalling as its splendid bright side is uplifting. The tidal wave of mass hysteria which swept so large a multitude of people into such fantastic frenzy last Sunday, in so extensive a range of territory, from its center in New Jersey north into New England, south into Georgia, and west into Ohio, because of the radio play that "dramatized" the H. G. Wells nightmare story of an invasion of our world by monsters from the planet Mars, is only the latest—though the most startling—of the many proofs of the malign and destructive influences exerted by means of the radio when that subtle yet so powerful agency is controlled by those who deliberately strive to use it for evil ends, or who use it with reckless disregard of its possibilities for evil. The perversion of the radio to the status of an instrument of false propaganda in the hands of tyrannical governments is already one of the chief problems of our problem-ridden age. We think of that particular problem, however, as one for Europe to worry about. But last Sunday's grotesque and menacing affair should focus our attention on radio conditions here at home, until we have managed to find some reasonable and practical method of preserving the great benefits of radio, and reducing, if we may not hope to abolish, radio's growing evils.

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There are at least two national programs, probably followed by hundreds of thousands, if not millions of people in the United States and Canada, and followed religiously by them—in the literal sense of the word "religiously"—which several times a week spread the spiritual disease of superstition in one of the worst of its hydra-headed forms by preaching the imminent end of the world. Several times in history, this utterly demoralizing fear has seized upon masses of people—and not only in old Europe, but in modern America. At least one of the two coast-to-coast programs which are devoted to the propagation of this form of contagious psychic dread is part of a highly organized cult, with its head prophet and boss dictator, with hundreds of trained propagandists in the field to follow up the radio messages of the prophet. If the Federal Communications Commission investigates the broadcast which caused last Sunday's weird manifestation, which a dispatch from Washington indicates it may do—and which most decidedly it ought to do—it might be well for it to turn its attention to these other broadcasts of the demoralizing power of fear. Very likely, among the terrified people who knelt in the streets praying in Georgia, and who in many other places thought that the end of the world had arrived, a great many had been prepared for just the sort of news that Sunday's broadcast gave them under the guise of statements issued by public authorities, and scientists.

In all likelihood, indeed, if the commission turns its attention seriously to this subject, the broadcast of the Wells play—which apparently was merely somewhat ill-advised in its technical department, and was not intended to be taken literally—would probably not prove so important a subject for inquiry, and reform, as many other programs that daily and weekly are corrupting children's minds and souls with demoralizing horror and gangster stories; and vicious, moronizing adult programs of an even more debasing sort; and programs which are merely a flood of silliness, a tidal wave of stupid jungle music, and jungle morality, including the sort of morality followed by the mammon-worshiping patrons of all this rot.

But under no circumstances must we have censorship? Well, we might try a little common sense. And one of the first steps in trying to do so would be to realize that sensible government regulation is not censorship; but if employed would do much to avert it.

Communications

EUROPE'S FUTURE

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I read Mr. Shuster's recent article on the Czechoslovak crisis with much interest. I was chagrined, however, to read such a vituperative tirade directed against a man who did his utmost to keep Europe from being plunged into a suicidal war—a war that would have undoubtedly been the death knell of European civilization.

What is the Catholic teaching in regard to war? I thought we were bound by conscience to do everything in our power to prevent a war in which the end did not justify the means. Would it have been practical to destroy a continent to keep three million Germans from joining Greater Germany?

By no stretch of the imagination can I be accused of pro-Hitler sympathies. I am of the opinion, though, that such a nation as Czechoslovakia never existed. There never was any harmony between the Sudetens and the Czechs, between the Slovaks, Hungarians, Poles and a dozen other diverse nationalities. Don't tell me the world has forgotten so quickly the principles of the oft-quoted phrase, "self-determination."

Mr. Shuster is an American but he would have a few million British youths blown to bits on the fields of Bohemia. Why? Because Hitler wanted a strip of Sudetenland and it was against England's "principles" to let him have it.

Yes, I admire Neville Chamberlain. I thank God for him. Perhaps if we had more leaders like him, the world would not be in the chaotic condition that it is.

LAWRENCE KING.

Boston, Mass.

TO the Editors: The last issue of THE COMMONWEAL (October 21) is one of the finest things I have come across in a long time. Every article in it might almost be called eirenic. I am particularly impressed by the breadth of view and sound judgment of Mr. Shuster's article, but all the other principal contributions are in the same class. I should be very obliged to you if you could let me have some extra copies of this issue for general distribution "where they will do the most good."

RALPH ADAMS CRAM.

JEWISH IMMIGRATION INTO PALESTINE

Princeton, N. J.

TO the Editors: There has recently been a large number of protests and declarations by Christians in America on behalf of the Zionist aim of further considerable Jewish immigration into Palestine. We do not think that any Christian, or indeed any fair-minded Jew, would sign such statements if he knew what an injustice he were supporting, or if he had ever even heard the Arab point of view expressed. The Palestinian Arab sees his homeland invaded, and cannot understand the difference between that and the conquest of Ethiopia or the attack on China: he would almost prefer the fate of those countries, for at least they are not being settled by Italians or Japanese in mass. He hears of the sympathy shown by Americans to the Jews of the world in their plight; in many cases he shares it; yet he cannot understand why his small country should be called upon to absorb a greater influx of Jewish immigrants since the war than the whole of the United States with its vast area and population. There is no parallel in modern times to such a mass immigration not freely determined, as the immigration policy of this country is freely determined by the American people, but based upon force against the will of the original inhabitants. And there is no parallel to the Zionist

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claim that because the Jews lived in Palestine many centuries ago therefore they have a "historical" right to return there like absentee landlords.

Appeals are being constantly made to the Balfour declaration as though the question for the British Government were a simple one of keeping her bond or repudiating it. About this let us say four things: in the first place, promises were made to the Arabs too; secondly, no declaration can take away the right of a people to independence in its homeland; thirdly, even if there were any question of repudiating the declaration we think that this would be preferable to continuing an unjust policy; in the fourth place, it is fair to regard the Jewish national home as having now been established, so that the obligations of the Balfour declaration may be considered as already fulfilled.

It has been represented in the press that Palestine is the chief refuge of the stricken Jews of Central Europe; yet of the millions of Jews there afflicted, only a few thousands can possibly enter Palestine. Palestine cannot solve the Jewish problem; it has merely raised an Arab problem, which, we assure you, will come increasingly to the fore as the Arabs of the surrounding countries, Egypt, Syria, Iraq and Arabia, make it their own concern. If it is true that Palestine is no larger than Vermont, it would be interesting to know what would be the reaction of the citizens of that state if several hundred thousands of Jews had settled there since the war. We have no prejudice against Jews but we realize that there are certain natural feelings which arise in any people when they see their country invaded by large numbers of any other people. Why does not this country, with its vast spaces and its sympathy for the Jews, take them in? The trouble has been that the Arabs of Palestine have been regarded, not as people, but as "natives," and that is an insult which they cannot bear. We think that if American citizens would consult their own feelings on the subject of mass immigration of Jews (or any other nation) into this very much larger country, the United States, *with the purpose of setting up a national state within its borders,* they would think differently about Palestine; and if they would take the trouble to inform themselves on both sides of the question, they would not sign declarations which can only embarrass the British Government and help to perpetuate an injustice to another nation.

George F. Hourani,
Graduate College, Princeton, N. J.
Nabih A. Faris,
Box 342, Princeton, N. J.

BOOKS ON COUNTRY LIVING

Webster Groves, Mo.

TO the Editors: Congratulations on Chauncey Stillman's "Books on Country Living," in the issue of October 14. He brings out most charmingly the great truth so often denied by city dwellers, that farming and scholarship far from being incompatible actually assist each other.

Cyril Clemens.

ON LIVING BY BREAD ALONE

South Orange, N. J.

TO the Editors: "Here we are in the middle of the worst depression this country has ever seen, with at least 12,000,000 Americans out of employment . . . and the Bishop of New York [Manning] . . . must appeal for $1,000,000 to put into bricks and mortar [Cathedral of St. John the Divine]. . . . I feel that the Bishop's appeal merits only the word monstrous."—Oswald Garrison Villard in the *Nation.*

Although I'm not an Anglican
And have no wish to be,
This rank utilitarian
Will find no friend in me.

I'll not quote Scripture in his face
Nor prate, "I love the poor,"
And yet for him a plan I'll trace.
He should commend it sure.

Since magazines are equally
As useless as cathedrals
For feeding human beings free
Of charge with beer and meat balls,

Let us, then, construction cease
On all God's houses high,
But also let our sales decrease
And let our ink go dry.

Then none of us will print a line
(But will that be so bad?)
And all the poor will daily dine
On the funds we would've had.

John Bracken.

DYNAMITE IN ALABAMA

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editors: In your issue of October 21, Joseph Dechmann says: "For had not many of them [our clerics] seemed to have forgotten that Christ fed the multitude before sermonizing them, the Church would be in a much better sociological position."

In Matthew, xv, 32, we find: "And Jesus called together his disciples, and said: I have compassion on the multitude, because they continue with me now three days, and have not what to eat, and I will not send them away fasting, lest they faint in the way." And in Mark, viii, 1-3: "In those days again, when there was a great multitude and had nothing to eat, calling his disciples together, he saith to them: I have compassion on the multitude, for behold they have now been with me three days, and have nothing to eat. And if I shall send them away fasting to their home, they will faint in the way; for some of them came from afar off."

Is it not clear from these texts that Our Lord evangelized the multitudes before He fed them?

Linda Maley O'Hara.

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Points & Lines

Fighting for Peace

ALL RECENT reports from Washington point to the inauguration of the most ambitious preparedness program ever undertaken by the United States. Just what is contemplated it is hard even to guess, since all definite plans have been stated by individuals, perhaps as trial balloons to see how much the public is willing to swallow. We know definitely that our merchant marine is being prepared with an eye to its use in war; we know that the utilities are cooperating with the government in an expansion campaign intended for use in national defense. Further than this we know little about the new program. The President in his October 27 speech to the *Herald Tribune's* Forum said merely that we must arm:

> Yet we have consistently pointed out that neither we, nor any nation, will accept disarmament while neighbor nations arm to the teeth. If there is not general disarmament, we ourselves must continue to arm.

It has generally been taken for granted that Bernard Baruch's speech on what preparations for war are adequate to our security was directly inspired by the President; Arthur Krock so describes it in the New York *Times:*

> Having dutifully put hemisphere defense in the spotlight just in advance of an election and a new Congress, Mr. Baruch retired to the background in a rain of brickbats and dead cats from the government-controlled German and Italian press. They assailed his increased armament proposals as part of the Jewish spit campaign against their racial policies. . . .

It has been hinted that Mr. Baruch was chosen as trial balloonist expressly to gain this dead-cat response and thus help persuade the people that tremendous rearmament—one of the most successful appeals on which to base otherwise unwelcome increases in taxes—is truly desirable. Although he has not committed himself to any definite suggestions as to the extent of what he thinks is necessary, Walter Lippmann has been one of the strongest proponents of increasing our armed forces. Again at the *Herald Tribune* Forum he expressed his views:

> The American peace will last as long as we have the will and the moral authority and the physical force to prevent any military power from obtaining . . . a foothold in this hemisphere, and as long as we leave no doubt that we shall not tolerate the seizure of such a foothold by propaganda and revolution. To defend the American peace means not only that we do not intend to be invaded. It means also that we do not intend to be terrorized and intimidated.

A speech by Earl Browder, secretary of the Communist party, amplifies a position which seems paradoxically parallel:

> What is the significance of these things for America's national interests? The reactionary bloc of powers have closed the doors of Europe against the United States. They hope, in Spain, to secure the key to the great Latin American continent; they consider Latin America already becoming ripe for fascist conquest; they are planning, with the collaboration, or at least the neutrality, of the British Navy to transform the Atlantic Ocean from a protection of the American continent into a broad, open highway of aggression.
>
> With the strengthening of the Japanese hand in the Far East, they expect to close the doors of the Pacific to America. They are extensively preparing their plans to separate Canada from its close connection with the United States, through its Empire connection and tie it up with Chamberlain's plans.
>
> They expect thus to encircle the United States at no very distant future, and force America into submission to the Munich bloc, into service for its plans for world hegemony and domination.

The same idea is put in somewhat more vivid language by the non-party but extremely Marxian *Nation:*

> We have now to consider our future, not as a continent aloof physically and mentally from a Europe kept in uneasy balance by a number of more or less equal imperialisms, but as a possible democratic island in a world-wide ocean of fascism.

The country's press in general has been remarkably silent with regard to all these rumors of arms, so far as any editorial comment is concerned. And one cannot help suspecting that this is a case of silence indicating consent. There have been a few serious attacks, mostly from religious periodicals. Writing in the *Churchman,* an Episcopalian weekly, Tracy D. Mygatt makes this protest:

> Election day must be made to face up with disarmament. Congress must be made to realize that the Church of Christ will no longer, mouthing pious nothings, consent to the country's becoming another vast stumbling-block in human progress. . . . And I wish from the bottom of my soul, that my government, with its arrogance of battleships and death-dealing airplanes, might find that plea of mine for their total abolition so true and unanswerable [that they would] buckle down to serious business. . . .

In a long editorial attack on the whole program the *Christian Century,* undenominational but Protestant, has this to say, among many other good things:

> What is really behind this new drive for increased armaments? Is it a sudden need to get ready to defend America from a fascist invasion of South America? Or is it in actuality a desire to pull another financial rabbit out of the Roosevelt hat? This is the most profound danger against which the nation must guard—the temptation of an economically hard-pressed administration, plagued with the specter of an unsolved mass unemployment problem, to embrace a huge armament program as a quick way to prosperity. . . . The spending of billions for anything, so long as it is the product of labor, will stimulate business for the moment. But business expansion to produce arms brings its inevitable economic nemesis. It is one thing to get into; it is a far different, and more difficult, thing to get out of. In fact no way has so far been discovered of getting out of an armament boom except war.

The same magazine also points out that we have in recent years been spending huge sums on armament:

> How many realize that since Mr. Roosevelt became President in 1932 the people of this nation have already paid out, in regular appropriations for the army and navy, the staggering sum of $6,443,900,000? This does not include numerous special appropriations, slipped into deficiency bills, or like the $238,000,000 wangled out of the PWA for naval building. Six and a half billions spent on the army and navy since 1932, and still the President asserts that the country is not ready to defend itself!

And the (Catholic) *Echo* of Buffalo makes caustic comment on the whole affair:

> Talk of feeling safe with a large military establishment in this modern world is as accurate as speaking of a family

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"feeling safe" with every room in the house equipped with arms and weapons that the children and incompetents in the family can momentarily use to destroy themselves and others.

Apart from the religious press, the Henry Georgist *Freeman* is eloquent on the problem of peace:

> We must steel ourselves for the inevitable. Every day we must repeat to ourselves, as a liturgy, the truth that war is caused by the conditions that bring about poverty; that no war is justified; that no war benefits the people; that war is an instrument whereby the haves increase their hold on the have-nots; that war destroys liberty. We must train our minds, as an athlete trains his body, against the inevitable conflict with the powerful propaganda that will be used to destroy our sanity. Now, before it is too late, we must learn to think peace in the midst of war.

But most surprising of all, in view of its "fellow traveler-ish" proclivities, is the opposition of the *New Republic:*

> The *New Republic* does not occupy the pacifist position that this nation is in no danger of ever having to make war, or that at any rate it should never fight, whatever the provocation. We believe in adequate—and, under circumstances like the present—in impregnable defense. . . .It is by this time well established that the United States has no territorial ambitions of its own in any part of the world, and does not intend to engage in war in Europe or Asia for any reason. While it may be argued that we might, in spite of these intentions, be drawn into a war in some other continental area, the American people are certainly not ready to inaugurate an armament program on the basis of that supposition. . . . Nothing is in sight that would demand a program of militarization big enough to engage a large portion of the productive energies of the country. . . . As a substitute for the WPA, any sensible armament program would be a flop.

Seconding this editorial opposition is one of the most excoriating attacks of all in the same issue of the *New Republic,* by John T. Flynn:

> Can it be that the United States, without any reason whatever except the expediency of a bewildered administration, is to embark upon this dreadful course [a policy of war scares]? Can it be that the great liberal groups are going to remain silent or, worse, march off behind this reactionary and barbaric banner? Yet that is precisely what we seem to be preparing to do. . . . It is incredible. . . . And it is not being done by the munitions makers. It is not being publicized and managed by the war-craft builders. It is not being inspired by the economic royalists who are interested in spreading and protecting trade and profits. It is not being sponsored by the Republican party, the traditional big-navy party. It is being done by a Democratic administration supposedly in the possession of its liberal wing. And, I doubt not, all the sponsored columnists and all of the friendly correspondents who cultivate the interests of the New Deal rather than the dissemination of news for their papers will be inspired to keep the type hot with whatever propaganda is necessary to pep up this movement.

How Many Prices?

BECAUSE of the tentative nature of speeches and proposals now being made about farm plans, it is not easy to know just what different groups have on their minds to clear up the agricultural fields. Secretary Wallace has spoken about getting food surpluses to the needy, by a subsidy or by a "two price system" or some combination, but he has indicated that all his new ideas are conceived as supplements to the present farm program of the government. *Newsweek* reports:

> Amid new agrarian grumbles, Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace announced that the administration was considering a new plan to augment the farm program—subsidizing consumption among the needy. The Federal Surplus Commodities Corp. now distributes free food and clothing to the 20,200,000 persons on relief. Wallace's plan would extend its function to distribute cotton goods, meat, fruit, green vegetables and dairy products to low-income groups not on relief, at prices below the market.

At a later date, *Business Week* says:

> Secretary Henry A. Wallace is putting up the fight of his life to save his farm program. That's what is behind his proposal of a "two-price" system for selling agricultural surpluses to the "underprivileged one-third" of the population—at special low prices. . . . Pencil-pushers in the AAA figure that 6,000,000 families should eat and wear close to twice as much of America's farm produce as they now do. Each week, these families should get $2 worth of fruit, vegetables and dairy products in addition to what they can afford to buy now. That would cost about $625,000,000. Wallace's plan is to cut prices enough so that they could buy an additional $625,000,000 worth without actually paying any more than they do now for such foods. The government would try to subsidize distribution in regular retail channels. . . . The cost of such subsidies would be made up through processing taxes—if the Ways and Means Committee could be persuaded to authorize such taxes, which seems doubtful. This is an example of how a crop program grows, one plan supplementing another as emergencies arise. Hoover's ill-starred Farm Board. . . . The Triple-A program of 1933-4-5. . . . Next came soil conservation—a stop-gap—and finally the 1938 law which was drafted to control planted acreage and, when necessary, to impose marketing quotas on farmers.

The Baltimore *Sun* relates in a special article:

> If, and when, the New Deal decides to experiment with subsidized sales of surplus farm products to the poor at bargain prices, the initial test probably will be confined to one or two commodities, Henry A. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, said today. Just which items will be selected for the try-out has not been determined, the Secretary added, but the ones he has mentioned most frequently in illustrations of the plan's possibilities are cotton and grapefruit. Others which might lend themselves to a domestic subsidy program include meats, dairy products and various fresh vegetables sometimes referred to as "elastic" foods because they are consumed in large quantities when householders have plenty of money but are dropped from the shopping list when times are hard. . . . He indicated these decisions would turn largely on two factors: public reaction to the broad outlines of the plan already circulated through the press and platform; the response of distributors, processors, labor, transportation concerns and others who are being approached in this matter by agents of the Department of Agriculture. Meanwhile, the Secretary insisted with emphasis that if the plan were tried, it would in no degree be a substitute for any part of the existing farm program; it would be wholly supplementary, he said. . . . As the plan now is shaping up in the minds of committeemen, the government would certify a select list of surplus farm commodities and undertake to arrange for their processing and distribution at cut rates to persons in low income groups. It would compensate intermediate handlers for doing the job at lower than usual rates.

An A.P. dispatch says:

> Some of the products may be bought by the government from the farmer and sold to the needy, either through regular retail stores or government distribution agencies, or both. In the case of other commodities, the government may merely guide the producer and processor in doing the distributing. Any losses incurred by the reduced prices would be borne by the government. . . . They said it was quite prob-

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able that the bulk of the expense would be borne by other consumers through higher yet "fair and equitable" prices.

T. R. B. writes for the *New Republic:*

> Secretary Wallace's dumping program has now been reduced to concrete details, and is reported to consist of two parts, one practical and immediate, the other nine-tenths political. The practical half has to do with dairy products. The dairy industry is continually hovering on the margin of overproduction, and milk is perhaps the chief food of which the consumption could be vastly increased by lower prices. Most of the great cities of the country are in the grip of stiff, arbitrary and probably profiteering milk monopolies. New Deal officials believe that milk represents a hand-made case for federal intervention. They are now searching for big-city mayors with whom to cooperate, and it may be guessed that they have their eyes fixed on Mr. La Guardia of New York, and Mr. Hoan of Milwaukee. The federal government will either sell milk through friendly retailers, or, if retailers are unwilling to defy the distributing monopolies, it will set up its own shops. This is the substantial part of Mr. Wallace's domestic dumping program. The Surplus Commodities Corporation will continue, as in the past, to buy a great variety of foodstuffs for distribution through relief agencies. But Mr. Wallace's apparent intention of embarking on large-scale distribution of wheat, cotton cloth, tobacco and other major crops turns out, on inspection, to look strangely like a trial balloon.

The New Deal farm plan is definitely opposed to several others, recurrently offered. *Newsweek* says:

> Two basic plans designed to increase farm income that bob up most frequently are (1) domestic allotment, under which the government would prorate the United States market among all producers and dump the surplus abroad at whatever price it would bring, and (2) direct price fixing. . . . Secretary Wallace, through farm belt speeches, is fighting for continuation of the present program (loans, parity payments, soil-conservation benefits, all designed to restrict production and cut down surpluses), with the possible addition of a consumer subsidy.

The *Farmer,* of St. Paul, Minn., apparently referring to setting up a domestic price level away above the international, as distinguished from creating at home a subsidized and a second free level, asserts:

> The administration will strongly oppose any of the two-price systems that are finding increased favor among many groups of farmers. These plans call for a fixed price on the domestic portion of the cotton and wheat crops with any surplus allowed to seek a market for whatever price it will bring abroad. . . . The administration view is that price fixing, if farmers are to demand price fixing, should be coupled with control over production. . . . The real belief is that, since a fixed price involves either creation of a government monopoly to buy and sell the affected farm crop or creation of a rigid system of licensing for all handlers and processors, Congress will be found cool to the idea when it understands the issues involved.

Newsweek gives some of the reasons the administration is fighting the domestic-allotment and price-fixing plans:

> The good-neighbor policy and reciprocal-trade agreements, already strained by the wheat export subsidy, could not stand extensive dumping abroad.

This magazine also lists frequently mentioned "major stumbling blocks," to the success of the Wallace scheme:

> (1) Classification of those entitled to lower prices to prevent chiseling; (2) the blow to small stores if government-owned outlets are set up, and (3) the problem of overcoming consumer resistance created by a two-price system even if existing retail stores are used.

The Stage & Screen

Madame Capet

THE SUCCESS of a play like "Madame Capet" is indissolubly linked with the problems of nationality and language. It is a play of separate episodes, dependent entirely on the interest of the audience in the central figure, and in the detail historic and otherwise with which the episodes are embroidered. The success of "Madame Capet" in Paris was undoubtedly due to the fact that the French public, that part of it which went to see Marcelle Maurette's play, was already half sold on the subject. To many Frenchmen and Frenchwomen Marie Antoinette is a symbol of their own attitude toward the left, and they applaud her as the victim of what they feel might be their own fate under a communistic régime. Therefore they went to see Mlle. Maurette's evocation of the unhappy Queen prepared to shed their tears. The success of the play, like that of our own Mr. Sherwood's "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," is not due to the fact that it is well constructed, but because they both re-create sympathetically an idol; with "Abe Lincoln" a national one, with "Madame Capet" one of a party. It may be treason for me to assert that I am not sure whether taken objectively "Abe Linocln" is a better play than "Madame Capet," yet this is at least a tenable position. Give Mr. Sherwood's play in Paris and I doubt if, for the first two acts at least, it would receive any better treatment from the Parisian critics than "Madame Capet" got from the New York ones. It is after all largely a question of personal recognition; that Paris is vitally interested in Marie Antoinette and New York is not, and the fact that Lincoln is a far greater figure than the French Queen, doesn't alter this.

Of course there are other factors: that French actors can give an atmosphere to a French play which foreign players cannot hope to equal, and that no translations can ever be of quite the quality of the original. But these are minor factors in this case, for the players collected by Eddie Dowling for "Madame Capet" are admirably chosen, and George Middleton's adaptation holds probably as much of the original flavor as most translations would. Eva Le Gallienne's Marie Antoinette is lovely to look upon, and especially in the last scenes informed with a rare and touching poignancy. It may not be the best thing she has done, but it is one of the best. What a delight, too, it is to listen to English spoken as Miss Le Gallienne speaks it. We never miss a word and every word we hear rings in our heart, as Cyrano would say, as a bell. Miss Le Gallienne too has the grand manner, the manner so necessary for costume plays. Of the other players a special word should be given to Frederic Tozere for his French nobleman. Mr. Tozere also knows how costume plays should be enacted, as he proved last season with his Jacques in "As You Like It." Well acted too are the parts assigned to William Post, jr., George Coulouris, Le Roi Operti, Earle Mitchell, Jose Rubin, Charita Bauer and lovely Anne Baxter. So it is not the performance that is lack-

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ing; it is the play itself, that is, the play as it appears to American audiences. "Madame Capet" proves again that a play to cross the sea must have not only atmosphere, but story and cumulative dramatic impact. The world is not one yet and probably never will be. (At the Cort Theatre.) GRENVILLE VERNON.

Oath of Hippocrates

THE SUDDEN influx of pictures concerning doctors is noteworthy, not so much for producers' new interest in socialized medicine as their realization of the story values to be found in this over-romanticized profession. With "The Citadel" King Vidor has done another of his outstanding jobs in direction, especially in depicting the lives and hazards of miners and exposing the hypocrisy of money-grabbing doctors. Robert Donat is perfect in his portrayal of the young doctor who comes with great expectations but who is let down by the miners when he tries to help them with his silica inhalation experiments. His scenes with Rosalind Russell, as his wife, are instilled with charm and courage. Although the movie makes many departures from A. J. Cronin's provocative novel, it retains the spirit of the book. Unfortunately it also retains those utterly false sequences concerning the American lung specialist. To King Vidor, Robert Donat, Rosalind Russell, Ralph Richardson, Rex Harrison, Mary Claire and a large cast of English players should go high praise for their fine work.

"A Man to Remember" opens with a doctor's funeral for which the whole town turns out while four men read the dead man's papers and will which reveal the facts of his life. This unusual picture, almost a documentary tract, shows the trials and struggles of a small town, underpaid doctor. Brutal at times, when the embittered farmer hits the doctor in the face because the farmer's wife died in childbirth; sentimental, when the doctor adopts the baby girl left at his doorstep, and years later when his own son returns from Paris and wants to work with a wealthier doctor than his father; sincere, when Dr. Abbott argues for the hospital and when he fights infantile paralysis—"A Man to Remember" is a picture to remember for its lack of fanfare, the excellent performance by Edward Ellis, and for its warm, human treatment of its theme.

"Young Dr. Kildare" is more conventional cinema, with Lew Ayres as the interne who wants to find himself and who learns that the important thing is curing the patient, not listening to the applause. In spite of Harold S. Bucquet's fine direction, this film lacks fire and inspiration. Lionel Barrymore's performance as the wise and cynical doctor is good.

Jean Hersholt has been the doctor with the Dionne Quintuplets so often that many people confuse him with Dr. Dafoe. Neither man should mind, for Mr. Hersholt's kindliness and sincerity in the part are enviable. In "Five of a Kind" the Quints themselves are the main and only reason for seeing the picture. The girls overcome the weak newspaper and radio story that is woven around them, and charmingly sing, dance, dress their dolls and just play naturally. And they're fascinating to watch. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Day

An Armful of Novels

All This and Heaven Too, by Rachel Field. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

HERE is a book to keep old men from chimney-corners, children from play, and middle-aged, busy women (like myself) of every sort of profession from a good night's sleep; in fact, I lost through reading and re-reading these fascinating pages a good portion of that sleep normally allotted to three nights. I lost it, however, without a shadow of regret, for it was well lost. I have read over many years few more intriguing novels than this one, few so well done, few so worth doing.

Miss Field is here writing the story of her great-aunt, Henriette Desportes, who figured tragically in 1847 in a Paris murder trial, a trial which was the sensation of two continents and which unmistakably changed the course of government in France. In part truth, for Miss Field as *narrator* has tried to tell the truth as she has known it, the story becomes more true so far as delighted readers are concerned by the disciplined imagination of Miss Field as *creator*. Here truth and fiction are molded into one, and the effect is all that we could wish.

More than half the book is laid in Paris where Henriette Desportes lived through six stormy years as governess in the household of the Duc de Choiseul-Praslin. It is this part of the story which holds us breathless with eager interest and excitement, this part, if one would be critical, in which the author's genius as a novelist is most evident. When, after the tragic events of 1847, Henriette Desportes comes to America, the narrative becomes more calm, less capable of driving sleep from our eyelids. A tumultuous stream has spread in ever-widening circles into a quiet lake.

And yet the latter half of the story does not lack interest. It is in a sense a welcome quiet after a storm. Henriette's haven in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, in West Springfield, and in Gramercy Park becomes the haven also where we would be simply because we have lived so intensely with her that we, too, are glad of the measured security of her years as the wife of Henry Field.

If one is looking for social history, it is here, the social history of two countries, France and the United States, during periods critical to both. Persons with familiar and honorable names live, move and have their being on these pages. And yet with all its historical background the story is above all else a novel, born, as are the best novels, of an imagination served by truth but capable of creating truth more true than truth itself.

A better novel than "Time Out of Mind"? That is a difficult question to answer. A finer piece of work than "God's Pocket"? That, too, is hard to say. The very fact that such questions spring to one's mind is proof that Rachel Field is an artist of whom a country should be proud. MARY ELLEN CHASE.

The Back Door, by Julian R. Meade. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50.

"THE BACK DOOR" is a story of the South today. Not the romantic South of tradition; the South as it actually is, a land reeking with ignorance, poverty and superstition on the dark side of the color line, with prejudice and bigotry on the light side. Its pages throb

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with the life and action you can see and feel and smell in most any urban community below the Potomac.

The central character is Mary Lou, a Negro woman who earns her living working in white folks' kitchens. Far across the color line, at the extreme opposite social pole, lives Mr. Warner Carey, maverick member of the town's aristocracy. There seems to be a cosmic law that causes kindred spirits to move toward a mutual orbit. It seems quite natural that Mary Lou should eventually gravitate to a job in the Carey kitchen.

Mr. Carey becomes interested in Mary Lou, as a civilized and sensitive man is interested in the well-being of all God's children. He shares her concern about the wages and health of her boy friend. He does what he can to put them in a position to get married. As his horizon is broader than hers, he is even more concerned than she about the physical and moral health of the Negro section of the town. He wants it to be a good city for all its citizens, not just a prosperous city for its favored whites.

If this suggests that "The Back Door" is a propaganda novel, that implication was not intended. It is not propaganda, but a corking good tale well told. The story presents a picture of a segment of the South that appears to be literal and photographic. Really it is neither. It is selective and highlighted, as all art is. It is a portrait of the urban South, not a candid camera shot.

The author is at his best when he describes Southern race relations. In everything except politics, race relations in the South are governed by an unwritten but elaborate code of courtesies and conventions which is accepted by the blacks under standing protest because a lapse or violation will bring instant Draconian punishment by the whites. That may be putting it a little too harshly. Negroes observe the Southern code not only because they have to, but also because, in a sense, they want to. It is really a delicate and beautiful code of manners, and Negroes are highly sensitive to beauty. Mr. Meade describes Southern race relations as one having authority, not as the scribes who write from casual observation. It is fine writing in the literal rather than the ironic meaning of the expression, and if you are social-minded, you will find the book edifying as well as entertaining. THEOPHILUS LEWIS.

Three Novels, by Sholem Asch. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.00.

IF JAMES JOYCE were to come to America and settle in Brooklyn and write a novel about the various kinds of Irish here, the Lace-Curtain, the Shanty, the Soup-Kitchen, the F. I. F. varieties, it would be an event comparable to what has happened in the writing of these three novelettes by Sholem Asch. Also, said Irish wouldn't like Mr. Joyce's writing about them, but that's another story.

Sholem Asch has been likened to Thomas Mann in his literary stature and there are other strong resemblances. He is not as decadent as Mann sometimes is, but, like Mann, he has sudden lapses in style which make one uncomfortable and, again like Mann, he occasionally indulges in purple passages that are downright bad. What he has, in keeping with Mann, is an unbelievably deep knowledge of humanity, especially of his own, the Jewish, race. If a man possesses as much knowledge as Sholem Asch, it is conceivable that style, as such, should weary him at times, and it is enough, so far as this reviewer is concerned, that Sholem should even condescend to write.

"Uncle Moses" is perhaps the most successful of the three stories. Written in 1916, it reads as though it were written last week, for such Jews still live in Williamsburg and work in sweat-shops for their rich countrymen. And the rich countrymen still practise a confused paternalism, preferring to "give" money away, even to their workers, rather than to "pay" it in just wages.

Yet Uncle Moses is less typical of his class than is the protagonist of "Chaim Lederer's Return." Lederer has retired from his shirt business, a rich man. Lederer, who was once a student of socialism, a nihilist in the best sense, had become a rich man. Living in Flatbush in a big house—conceivably on Ocean Avenue—his retirement brings him no happiness. Around him he sees, for the first time strongly, how pretentious his family has become, how they have grown apart from him, his ambitious daughter, his overdressed wife, his son who practises philanthropy because it is "good for the business." He was happier on Norfolk Street when he was poor, Lederer decides. The idea becomes an obsession and he goes down to the shop, to his son's horror and the workmen's dismay, and begins to stitch shirts with the men. He decides definitely that he must move away and become a workman again. His family has a psychoanalyst look at him. Finally Lederer goes away and is never seen again.

"Judge Not—," the last novelette, is hurried and tries to prove a thesis. Here, too, Sholem Asch slips a little on his knowledge of American life and, while Stone, the protagonist, might be any man except in his curious remorse and its effect, which are Jewish, the talk of criminals in prison and the procedure of the American court rings false here.

Over all Sholem's work lies pity like a veil. It is one of the marks of great and near-great writing. Willa Cather and Ernest Hemingway have it; so do Morley Callaghan and Kay Boyle. But most American writers today do not have it. Sholem Asch is sorry for the rich and the poor alike. I believe he also inclines toward some form of socialism. The young writers of his race in this country today might seriously consider these two things. For if they think Sholem Asch is the greatest Yiddish writer, they cannot disregard the fact that for him there is no real class warfare. HARRY SYLVESTER.

Woman on Horseback: The Biography of Francisco Lopez and Eliza Lynch, by William E. Barrett. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $3.00.

PLAIN "General Lopez and Mme. Lynch" would have been a more direct title for this dramatic narrative of the half-breed Paraguayan who aped Napoleon.

One thousand miles up from the mouth of the Rio de La Plata lies the capital city of Asuncion, already a century old when New York was a trading-post. Land of soft skies, flaming birds and flowers, rich soil and easy living, Paraguay nurtured the gentlest natives in South America. With them the Jesuits experimented successfully with Christian communism in the Chaco jungles; over them Dr. Francia, *El Supremo,* exerted his absolute dictatorship in the early nineteenth century. Francia decreed no education and complete isolation for Paraguay but he filled her treasury with gold. The gold was still there, in 1862, when bow-legged Francisco Lopez succeeded his father as President. Francisco had toured Europe and returned home with two gunboats for a navy, a veneer of civilization and Mme. Lynch, the beautiful Irish girl, grass widow of a French officer and ex-mistress of a Russian.

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For sixteen years she ruled Paraguay with Lopez. Lopez was a good soldier but no diplomat. Instead of trying to conquer his neighbors one by one, he found himself confronted by the allied armies and "navies" of Brazil, the Argentine and Uruguay. For six years with incredible endurance the Paraguayans were slaughtered for Lopez, until the Allies broke his last line and killed him. A million of his people had perished. There were less than 30,000 males left in Paraguay. In the uniform of a colonel, Eliza Lynch had trained the women into an auxiliary and had gained one battle by leading them into it armed with broomsticks, etc.

The story is certainly a curious one and well told, but Mr. Barrett does not succeed in gaining any sympathy for his half-savage pair of adventurers on whom he lavishes some rather strained sentiment. There are no maps but he offers references for the biography which is too chronological for romance and too fictitious for first-rate history. The author, however, never gives the illusion of having seen the beauties of Paraguay which a few sentences of Cunningham Grahame can make so vivid. I do regret that "enthuse" is included in Mr. Barrett's vocabulary. EUPHEMIA VAN RENSSELAER WYATT.

To the Market Place, by Berry Fleming. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.75.

THE AUTHOR of this novel is a man of experience and talent, the latter notably manifested in a book of his called "Siesta," published some four years ago. It is therefore surprising that the present work should be so consistently dull, and that its central idea, a good one, should be so completely wasted because the characters who might have exemplified it are of little interest or importance.

The "market place" of the title is New York, which Mr. Fleming quite correctly sees as our contemporary frontier. But the story has no focus and I found it impossible to forget Stephen Leacock's famous remark, now become a stereotype, about the man who mounted his horse and rode off in all directions.

Primarily, though, what seems to me wrong with the novel lies in Mr. Fleming's effort to present a young artist as his nearest thing to a protagonist. The young artist is a remittance man in New York; if he has any talent for painting there is no indication of it in the book whatever. Just why novelists will insist upon writing about artists and other novelists it is hard to understand—and his return to the South to become a business man is equally unconvincing.

He is more or less matched with a Southern girl named Carolyn who forgets her native mores under the impact of an urban civilization, and who at last falls in love with the artist, the husband of her best friend, in the calmest and most conscienceless manner imaginable. The wife is no more than a shadow's shadow, hardly characterized at all, but her rival is only faintly more interesting, and less likable. Since the rest of the people are either stupid, conventional, or apparently dragged into the story for no good reason, it is impossible to justify the thousands of words Mr. Fleming has lavished upon them. In fact, I often found it difficult to believe that the author himself cared a rap what happened to any of his people, and I certainly did not.

Nor was I convinced, in spite of my deep sympathy with the thesis of the book, that the characters in it were at all typical of the New York pioneers; most of us have

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had the good fortune here to know people who had to make their own way by their own efforts and who were also able to keep their proper sense of values in a new environment.

The truth is that not even good short novels can be written about people who aren't worth anything, and the sooner our novelists learn this simple lesson the better it will be for us and for them. The very writing itself in the present specimen is blurred and tiresome.

HERSCHEL BRICKELL.

Journey of Tapiola, by Robert Nathan. Decorations by Georg Salter. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.75.

THIS is a delightful book from every point of view—print, illustrations, end-papers, and above all, the story itself. By now Mr. Nathan's name is a guarantee of a fresh breeze of whimsy among the cherished conventions of our literary day. The little Yorkshire terrier, Tapiola, who felt himself to belong to the inside of the literary world by virtue of his dark place behind the sofa of his mistress, Mrs. Popel, the publisher's wife, is one of the author's most engaging creations, and his adventures have the authentic Nathan note of combined preposterousness and relevance. The story, as one would expect, is of the slightest.

The adventures of the little dog and the canary that set out, the one for heroism and the other for Hollywood, and who were carried by a rubbish scow out to sea and escaped with a rat Jeremiah on a raft of appropriate size, afford the thread on which the beads of parable and satire and whimsy are strung. Some of these are very good indeed. The discussion on the nature of God gives a certain fresh turn to an old theme and delights the reader with its deft insinuations. The motherly and dominating cat is a capital essay in feminine psychology, conventional enough to be universal and yet with a fresh turn of its own. The rat Jeremiah proves to have a kind of cynical humor unknown to most Jeremiahs. Here, perhaps, Mr. Nathan most diversifies the conventionality of his material, but here, also, it seems to the present writer that his touch is least sure, perhaps because the implications of his theme suddenly deepen. It seems ungrateful to note a certain impression of thinness in what has been done so exquisitely. One does so only because he recalls the abundance of Mr. Nathan's own "There Is Another Heaven."

HELEN C. WHITE.

Spanish Eyes That Smile, by Hattie Horner Louthan. St. Paul: Library Service Guild. $2.00.

IN THIS most romantic of romances, laid in New Spain of the Golden West, Rosalind, a lovely, rosy-cheeked, naive girl from a convent school, marries wicked and elderly Mateo D'Acosta because he holds her father's overdue notes. It is inevitable that she should later meet and fall in love with Ramon, that hardy out-of-doors-man whose vibrant strength and clean youth are only too apparent. Padre Felipe checks the passions of the ardent, Catholic lovers until all hindrances are swept away by forest fires, revenge and his own belief that right always wins.

P. H.

MISCELLANEOUS

Zaca Venture, by William Beebe. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.00.

WILLIAM BEEBE'S by-products have more public renown than his scientific contributions, although there is no reason to believe that his science is not sound too. The appendix of this literary work indicates that the expedition here described added also in a more formal way to man's knowledge of the incredibly fertile sea. The layman learns much from "Zaca Venture" of the conduct and life of marine expeditions, with the interesting routine and clever methods of searching scientists. It also teaches some of the objectives of investigation into nature, the scientific aims of such vacation-like trips, and it does not exclude non-biologic and geologic ends with the dogmatic narrowness frequently preached by popular scientists. Mr. Beebe's style, never exactly repressed, gets away from him occasionally, but the photographs are all sound and of the sea. The land man must be in genuine awe of the plant and fish life of the Pacific and Gulf of California where the Zaca sailed. From the surface to the depths of the ocean, different geologic eras and their species can be observed much more clearly than on land. But the book is not instruction; it is more a scientific travel book—like the other Beebe books.

P. B.

RELIGION

Rethinking Religion, by John Haynes Holmes. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

THE AUTHOR of "Rethinking Religion," a well-known radio orator, says that his aim is to "present the substance of a reasonable faith for modern men," and his manner of procedure, the application of strict scientific method to "man's normal experience in the realms of nature and human nature."

The author rejects as invalid any notion of supernaturalism "in any sense of revelation," and describes religion as "an expression of human nature in the higher ranges of its apprehension and activity." In the chapter "What Is Religion?" he further explains religion as the "mysterious and mystic impulse" which drives man toward his higher ideals and aspirations. Contemporary expressions of the religious instinct as expressed in the creeds and dogmas of organized ecclesiastical bodies are, of course, automatically condemned as forms outworn in the course of man's upward development, "since science has demonstrated that truth is progressive, and that to state it in any final form is to kill it."

On the positive side, Dr. Holmes thinks that reason can prove the existence of God, the value of prayer, the reality of moral law, and the fact of immortality. What these ideas stand for, in the very special terminology of the author, bears little resemblance to their traditional meaning.

Since this book purports to be a scholarly and scientific presentation of the author's views, it is fair to point out the dialectical deficiencies in it. Thus, the author frequently, as in the chapters on God and Immortality, uses a method curiously like the "faith ladder" of William James. First, a problem is stated. Second, a hypothesis is offered as a possible solution. Third, the hypothesis is asserted as true, occasionally by an appeal to evidence, usually inadequate; more often the proof is "established" by an appeal to metaphor or resemblance; sometimes, even, emphatic assertion is substituted for the normal way of demonstration. Finally, on this insecure foundation, the author finds it easy enough to draw out whatever inferences he wishes. All too frequently, also, the writer starts out with some show of using words with a strict formal meaning, only to end up by employing them in a vague emotional or rhetorical realm where they suffer a complete shift in meaning.

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On the ground of scholarship, the book is further condemned by such errors as the preposterous statement in the second chapter of the traditional philosophical argument for the existence of God from the fact of motion, by the exceedingly shallow criticism of Whitehead's views in Chapter 5, and by the author's outworn and jejune notions as to the meaning of scientific method and its proper field of application. D. J. SULLIVAN.

The Doctrine of Spiritual Perfection, by Rev. Anselm Stolz, O.S.B.; translated by Rev. Aidan Williams, O.S.B. St. Louis: B. Herder and Company. $2.25.

MYSTICISM endures, in spite of controversies and detractions, as one of the essential notes of the living Christian tradition. It has its roots deep in the life of the Church. In this admirable translation of Father Stolz's work we have a new orientation of the subject; this Benedictine theologian goes to the Fathers in search of the early doctrine of mysticism. His interest is in the ontological-theological principles of spiritual perfection, rather than the psychological; he examines the mystical life as it is connected with the Incarnation, the Redemption and the Church.

The example that the author starts with is the rapture of Saint Paul. He shows how Redemption is the restoration of the state of union with God enjoyed by Adam. The Apostle attained briefly to this state here below, and to this state members of Christ's Body can attain. They do so only in Christ, by reason of their sacramental union with Him, in so far as they develop the supernatural life of faith. They are seized in baptism by the Spirit, engrafted in Christ's death and resurrection, and through the Eucharist transformed and led to the Father. Thus the sanctified man takes his place within the realm of divine life; his relationship to the divine grows as his state of grace intensifies.

Saint Thomas confirms the older ontological mysticism, but is already more interested in the psychological—the theology of the infused virtues and gifts. The Spanish School and its modern proponents developed this interest almost exclusively, making it appear that mystical prayer is a special state within one's ordinary life and a special vocation for the few. It is therefore encouraging to be told that mysticism and ordinary life do not differ in kind but only in degree; that the mystical life is not an experience of God open to the few, but is a "seed" which everyone, by virtue of sanctifying grace, "carries within himself"; that the "mystical life is the normal crowning of that state of grace accorded to all Christians." Father Stolz shows admirably that psychological reactions do not necessarily belong to mystical life. His is a work that breathes the serene air of objective Catholic spirituality. RICHARD FLOWER.

The Rediscovery of Man, by Henry C. Link, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

PSYCHOLOGY is a much-abused word. It has been made to stand for all sorts of vagaries, most of which lose sight of the fact that etymologically the word means "the science of the soul." Dr. Link, who is a practical psychologist, takes sharp issue with those who would make the "science" part so prominent that they forget the "soul" which is the real object of their research. They are putting the cart before the horse, or worse still, substituting accidents for substance.

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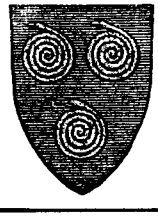

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NEXT WEEK

Foreign policy is the most important issue in America. The world is beginning to unwind after Munich; the French and British Cabinets are being rearranged, Parliament is debating, Americans are electing a new Congress. Foreign policy is an issue which must be faced, for inaction is as positive as action. George N. Shuster writes for THE COMMONWEAL a cool and compelling analysis of the choices before the United States, IS THIS A DIFFERENT WORLD? Mr. Shuster presents something of a program of his own which may not be everybody's program, but no one will read this article without obtaining new comprehension of our extremely delicate position, internally and internationally. . . .

Mexico also has a presidential "election" in 1940, and jockeying for position below the Rio Grande is liable to be an even more active pastime than in these states. Certain personalities have already emerged in Mexican politics and certain maneuvers have already been undertaken to put certain men in line for the immensely powerful position of Mexican president. James A. Magner combs the United States of Mexico so that he may find and introduce to us: STRONG MEN IN MEXICO. . . .

MARX AND THE MIDDLE CLASS, by Harry Spencer, is a remarkably objective analysis of the science of revolution as formulated by Karl Marx. This paper seeks answers especially to two questions which citizens and sociologists must ask themselves: "Is the class of the propertyless growing in the manner Marx predicted? To what extent does the question of property submerge other considerations in the formation of classes, especially among white collar workers?" . . .

There will be an essay by Le Garde S. Doughty—ONCE A ROAD. There is a very distinct difference between a highway and a road, especially a road in the country outside Augusta, unused by vehicles for many years, perhaps since conquerors rolled cannon southward. This essay is not an allegory nor a literary project in symbolism. It is a very effective and unusual piece of thinking and writing by an artist of strong and clear ideas.

that this deification of machinery has come about, but Dr. Link sees in it the source of nearly all our troubles. Furthermore, he feels it is the source of most of the dangers which threaten civilization and which have already, in so large a portion of the world, done away with all possibility of developing what he calls "personality." He is by no means advocating a return to our late "rugged individualism" with its devil-take-the-hindmost attitude, but he does see clearly that the complete submergence of the individual in the mass—the state-worship of such systems as Fascism and Communism—tends more and more to weaken the individual to a point where he is no longer capable of acting for himself.

In this he blames the so-called "liberalism" which substitutes determinism, heredity and environment for free will, and which glosses over sin by a jargon of supposedly scientific terms. These "Machinists of the Soul" as he calls them "transfer the problem of personality from the individual to his psychiatrist, his neurologist, his endocrinologist," which logically followed out creates "a collection of puppets, which in place of souls and will-power, have physicians to move them."

Modern psychology, seeing the havoc that this method has wrought, has embarked upon a new voyage in which through its experiments it has come to a "Rediscovery of Man" which is "a vindication of the biblical concept of personality and of the precepts of Christianity." In other words modern science is beginning to catch up with the moral theologians. His conclusions are very largely those which the Catholic Church has ever held regarding such things as the soul, free will, and sin. It makes one more than ever thankful that there is a Revelation and that one knows where it is to be found.

This is a well-written, thoughtful book, and a wide reading of it will undoubtedly help many souls who have been wandering and floundering in the morass of pseudo-scientific writing to orientate themselves and their thinking to the unchangeable and unchanging standard of the revealed moral law. FLOYD KEELER.

A History of Roman Religion, by Franz Altheim; translated by Harold Mattingly. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.00.

AN EXHAUSTIVE study of Roman (pagan) religion through all its ages, ramifications and sources, taking account of the last results of ethnology and archeology. Altheim is one of the foremost historians of ancient religion in Germany. He connects his history of religion closely with profane and cultural history of all those tribes and nations which contributed to that complex agglomeration of worships and cults which has been called Roman religion. It is a book for the expert, hardly for a larger public. It is laden with controversy on detailed questions and is written in such a style that it presupposes a certain familiarity, not only with history in general, but with its immediate subject-matter, because otherwise it would not keep the reader sufficiently interested as a piece of pleasant reading. Altheim supplies tremendous material for historians and theologians. His enlightening passages on Etruscan religion are especially valuable, as its rôle has become one of the topics of discussion between Catholic scholars in central Europe and the new generation of Rosenbergian "scientists" occupying some of the most prominent chairs in Nazi universities. Nobody can write or talk about Roman religion without consulting this book. H. R.

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The Inner Forum

MOTHER FRANCIS XAVIER CABRINI, foundress of the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, whose beatification ceremonies take place at the Vatican Basilica, Sunday, November 13, for years cherished the ambition of being a missionary to China. But in 1889 Pope Leo XIII sent her to New York to reclaim the thousands of Italian immigrants who were losing the Faith in a strange land. From there she went on to found convents and schools, hospitals and orphanages, in various parts of the United States and Latin America. She had founded 67 houses with 2,000 Sisters at the time of her death in Chicago twenty-one years ago. Her body, which is still in a remarkable state of preservation, lies at Mother Cabrini High School in New York.

Francesca Cabrini, the youngest of thirteen children, was tiny of stature, timid and shy, and so sickly that the convent to which she applied for admission refused on the grounds of ill health. But after securing the very best education she could in spite of the hostility toward the Church manifested by the Italian government of the 1870's and laboring for six years in a city orphanage she secured permission to found a community of missionary sisters. Because she had nearly drowned as a child Mother Cabrini was mortally afraid of the water, yet she made some twenty-five ocean voyages in the course of her energetic apostolate. She was a beloved figure in the Italian districts of several American cities, venturing into alleys which policemen in fear avoided.

Two first-class miracles, which are fully authenticated by scientific evidence, and incontrovertible proofs of heroic virtue are required for beatification. The ceremonies at the Vatican Basilica will be broadcast in this country, November 13, over National Broadcasting networks.

CONTRIBUTORS

Donald ATTWATER, writer, editor and lecturer, is the author of "The Dissident Eastern Churches," "The Golden Book of Eastern Saints" and many other books.

William M. GALBRAITH is a California poet.

Goetz A. BRIEFS is a member of the faculty at Georgetown University, Washington, D. C., and the author of "The Proletariat."

Theodore MAYNARD, poet and critic, is the author of many books, of which the latest is "The World I Saw."

Robert SENCOURT, long a European correspondent, is the author of "Spain's Uncertain Crown" and many other books.

Henry TETLOW is a Philadelphia cosmetics manufacturer and the author of "We Farm for a Hobby and Make It Pay."

Vincent ENGELS contributes to current periodicals.

Mary Ellen CHASE is professor of English literature at Smith College and author of several books of which the latest is "This England."

Theophilus LEWIS is in the United States Postal Service and dramatic critic of the *Interracial Review*.

Harry SYLVESTER is a writer of short stories and articles.

Euphemia Van Rennsselaer WYATT is the dramatic critic of the *Catholic World*.

Herschel BRICKELL, literary critic and contributor to current magazines, was formerly literary editor of the New York *Evening Post*.

Helen C. WHITE, professor of English at the University of Wisconsin, is the author of "Watch in the Night" and "Not Built with Hands."

D. J. SULLIVAN is a member of the faculty of philosophy in the Graduate School of Fordham University.

Rev. Richard FLOWER, O.S.B., is a member of the community at Portsmouth Priory, Portsmouth, R. I.

Floyd KEELER is on the staff of the Catholic Near East Welfare Association.

PITY THE LEPER!

HOW often, when you heard in the Sunday Gospel, of the healing of a leper, your heart moved with pity for these sad, distorted faces, the bleeding wounds, the cry, "Unclean! Unclean!" Are there lepers today? Millions! The Catholic Sisterhoods conduct more than eighty asylums for these stricken ones. Recently a Sister pleaded with the Catholic Medical Mission Board to send her bandages and dressings. She had torn up her own petticoat, she wrote, to cover their wounds! She had only raw cotton left, which made their sores bleed! The Board is supported entirely by voluntary offerings. It has helped a thousand mission stations, conducted by a hundred different communities. It can never answer all the pitiful appeals which come in day by day, unless you help. Send what you can, soon, and share in countless works of mercy, spiritual and corporal. Sixty dollars will enable us to send a set of surgical instruments for operations on the eyes to a mission hospital. Include this work in your will.

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